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Saturday Review

August 30, 1969 50¢

Santa Fe's Operatic Oasis

by Irving Kolodin

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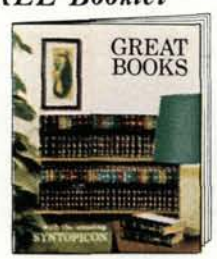

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

A Star Is Stillborn

WHEN MY WIFE read last week's column, in which I detailed my early misadventures as an amateur actor, she said: "Why don't you tell them the truth about how you kept me from becoming a big star on the stage and in movies?"

So I will, as accurately as I recall the dialogue. And I can, every cylinder of every word of every malaprop. The time was many years ago before our radio days, when I was working on a newspaper. Jane asked what I thought about her going on the stage. "As what?" I asked.

"As a star," she said. "I can become famous and rich."

"Oh, not that routine again."

"Yes you will."

"Look, Jane, let's face facts. You've never been on the stage, you can't read lines, you don't know how to project, and above all you have no talent to become a famous star and rich. Now do you understand how I feel about you and a stage career?"

"Yes. You're afraid when I become famous and rich, I'll divorce you."

"Promises, promises."

"OK, I promise I won't, even if I become a big dramatic star, or even musical comedy, because my friends do say I sing like an angel."

"Sure, like an angel. But can't you wait till you get up there?"

"I've waited too long already, just laying around the house."

"That's 'lying.' "

"No, it's the truth."

"Jane, listen, what qualifications do you have to become an actress?"

"Not much, I haven't. I've always had the smell of goose grease in my blood. I've always dreamed of seeing my name up in tights."

"OK, Gypsy, I give up. You're going to be another Sarah Bernhardt. You'll become immortal."

"Oh no, I won't be in that kind of a play. Nothing dirty. It's a nice play, and I'm going to start small. I play a maid. That's what I've been trying to tell you if you'll stop shouting yourself hoarse in the face."

"Whoa, back up. What play is that?"

"It's a play our club is putting on. The W-O-M-A-N."

"What's that stand for?"

"Woman."

"Oh, of course, how stupid of me."

"I forgive you, dear. In this play I'm the maid, and I have one line. I come in and I say to Mable—she plays the leading part—I say, 'Your coat, madame.' That's the one line I have."

"And from that you expect to be discovered?"

"What discovered! I'm already here. They'll see me when I just say 'Your coat, madame' and I hold it while she puts it on and I walk off and when the audience applauds, I take a bow."

"Applause for holding a coat?"

"Well, you're going to be in the audience. You can start it. You know how people are; don't they always yawn when somebody else yawns? And so can you."

"Yes, I can do that all right."

"Thank you, dear. And don't you worry about the divorce. I wouldn't ever leave you."

"Why not?"

"You're welcome. Now, there's one problem. Well it's not exactly a problem, because I can always use it."

"How's that again, I'm afraid to ask?"

"Well, we each have to bring our own costumes. So I want to look my best, and my best would be in a mink coat."

"A maid wearing a mink coat?"

"No, I don't wear it. The coat I hold up for Mable."

"You're kidding."

"You don't expect me to hold up my three-year-old Persian lamb, do you? To say nothing of my raincoat."

"Jane, if your stage career depends on a mink coat, forget it."

"Forget the stage? Why, any girl would give her right name to become a star. And I'm going to be on Broadway or my name is Maude. Where are you going?"

"I'm going to buy two tickets and applaud you on opening night, Maude."

"Oh, thank you, dear. *Two* tickets? Who are you going with? I see—when the cat's on the stage the mouse will play."

And so on. Although she hitched her wagon to a star, Jane settled for a microphone—thank heaven. As for the mink coat, you know how that was solved?

Since I was adamant about that, Jane suggested to the play committee that the first act be played with thunder and lightning off-stage to simulate a rainstorm. Mary Babs Moore, eminent electrician of all the WOMAN plays, naturally loved the idea. So the coat Jane held up for madame was her own raincoat.

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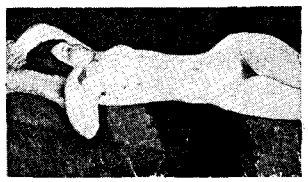

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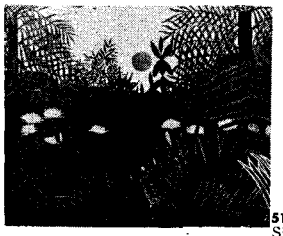

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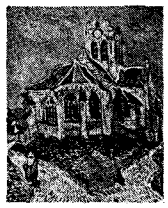

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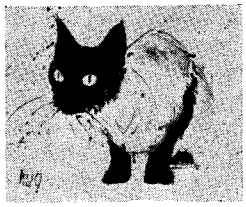

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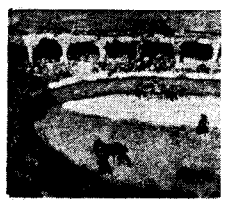

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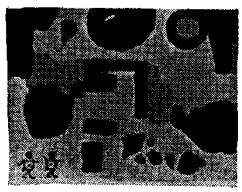

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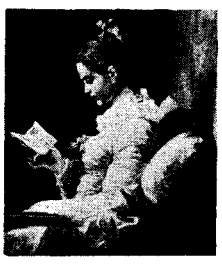

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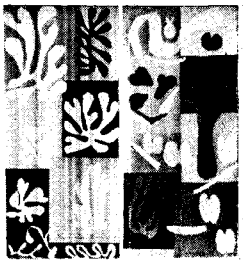

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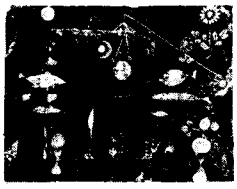

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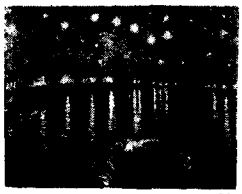

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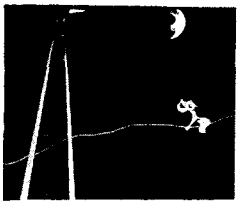

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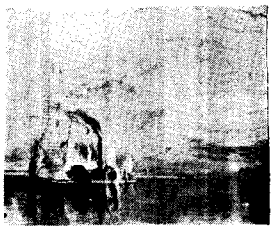

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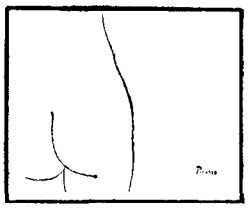

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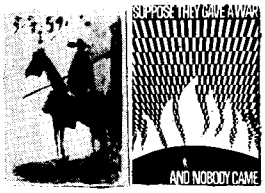

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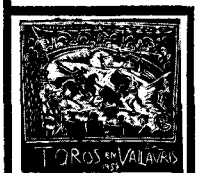

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FAMOUS LAMBERT GUARANTEE

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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

When I was young, I read more than once a book by Richard Hughes called *The Innocent Voyage,* later *A High Wind in Jamaica.* It had been out only a few years and was already a classic and a best seller all at once. Recently

Harper & Row brought Hughes to this country for his first visit in forty years, prompting me to dig out his book and read it again. Horrors! The books my parents left around the house! The plot concerns seven young children whose experiences include a hurricane, capture by pirates, and a combination of humor and the macabre that is startling. One of the young girls goes to bed with the pirate captain. Another girl stabs a man to death while he is tied up. Later she perjures herself on the witness stand and sends a sailor to the gallows for the crime. Calling it an innocent voyage was ironic, for the kids go through terrible experiences that have little effect on them, proving that a child's amorality protects him from the fears and frustrations of the adult world.

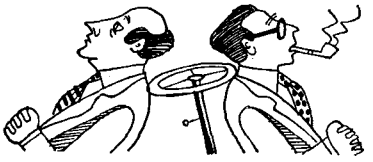
At a small party where Hughes was the guest of honor, I told him of my discovery and that I had never realized until now what the book meant. I was reminded that I had confused a book *about* children with a book *for* children. Hughes then recalled that when *A High Wind in Jamaica* first appeared, the English publisher received an angry letter from the mistress of the Royal School for Officers' Daughters in Bath, saying that the book gave a false picture of youth. None of her young ladies would have committed a murder, she declared, and if by chance one of them had killed someone, she would have owned up to it at once.

Out in Texas, where he now lives, H. Allen Smith made friends with an old-fashioned blacksmith who told him this story. The smith was plying his trade one day when a city slicker drove by. The slicker had never seen anything like it and stopped his car to watch the sparks fly. He finally got out and went inside the smithy. Curious, he reached out and picked up a horseshoe. It was hot, and he let go quickly.

"Burned you, didn't it?" grinned the blacksmith.

"Nope. It just don't take me long to look at a horseshoe."

The latest issue of the *Alumni Record* of Vermont's Norwich University features an article on the history of this military college, founded 150 years ago. Its current president is General Barksdale Hamlett, and his predeces-



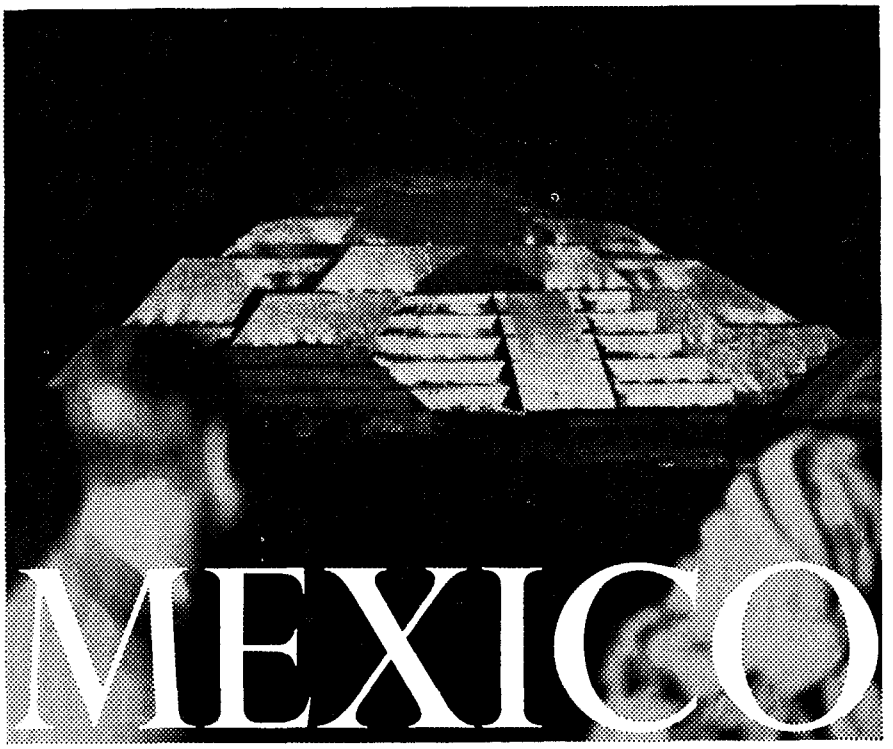
sor was General Ernest Harmon. The article notes: "With two strong presidents as Generals Harmon and Hamlett back-to-back in the driver's seat, Norwich can face the years ahead with the greatest confidence." Yes, but will they get there?

One of the quickest post-*Apollo 11* publications was Ballantine's *Appointment on the Moon* by Richard S. Lewis, which came out a few days after men walked up there. It tells the story of Americans in space from *Explorer I* to the lunar landing. In his conclusion the author seems upset that the federal budget won't permit unlimited space travel. We have begun to "retreat from the moon," he laments. Then, for us narrow-minded earthlubbers, he summarizes the spaceman's philosophy in one beautiful sentence: "Obsessed by social, racial, and economic stresses, the country had turned its attention inward, like the chronically ill person who becomes progressively indifferent to all but his own complaints."

Sharps and Flats: In the movie *Seven Days in May,* Burt Lancaster happily accepted what he called "fulsome praise, indeed." Blame that on Knebel and Bailey (novel) or Rod Serling (script).

► While in Seattle, Marjorie Anderson found a restaurant known as Ye Olde Chuckwagon Smorgasbord.

► Here's a small-world item from the past, proving the fitness of things.



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Bruce Carroll, doing some research in early science fiction films for ABC TV's L.A. bureau, discovered that there have been two motion pictures entitled *Law and Order*. The one in 1938 starred John Wayne; the one in 1953, Ronald Reagan.

► Herb Teison notes the opening of a new foreign airline office on a corner near his office in New York. "Someone can just walk down Fifth Avenue," he says, "and disappear into Finnair."

► That American flag we planted on the moon—we can never bring it back. It would have to be disinfected, and I think it's against regulations to so defile Old Glory.

► Ruth Seyler finds that twenty-five years ago characters in Georges Simenon books were identifying Paris gendarmes as pigs.

► A book reviewer who signs himself Marlow in the San Fernando Valley's *Encinian* wrote that *The Love Machine* is a much better book than *The Valley of the Dolls*. One reason, he said, is that "it is not thought-provoking, and that's a welcome relief in novels."

► A few people have reported a sign on Washington Island in Lake Michigan: CAUTION: TRESPASSERS WILL BE VIOLATED.

► A girl in Troy Gordon's Tulsa office announced that she was going to marry Arthur Johnson, a young man she had met only eight days earlier. She told Mr. Gordon. "I don't know anything about Art, but I know what I like."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1846)

HENRY PLEASANTS: *SERIOUS MUSIC* (— — AND ALL THAT JAZZ)

The Serious-music community . . . thinks of jazz as *popular*, as essentially and generically inferior; and the mere suggestion that it should be taken seriously, . . . on an equal footing with . . . Stravinsky . . . or Berio, is to open a Pandora's box of outrage, indignation, and denunciation.

"I resented our bill for drugs until I considered the alternatives"

A mother of three thinks about her family drug bill and wonders if she got value received.

When I totaled up a year's drug bills I found a family of five can use a lot of medicine in a year's time.

Recently, I began checking back just to see where the money went. There were Barbara's immunizations . . . and I can't feel bad about that. I'm old enough to remember when polio, for instance, was a real killer.

Then there was the time Bob threw his back out. The drugs really gave him relief from the pain. The Hong Kong flu missed us . . . and I guess we should give the vaccine credit. And our doctor did come up with something that stopped those frequent headaches of mine. They were a nightmare while they lasted.

I had almost forgotten about the scare we had with Jimmy's ears. The doctor said it was a serious infection . . . something that could have deafened him for life. The drug he prescribed cleared it up in a few days.

I've read somewhere that the average American spends about eighteen dollars a year for prescriptions. Of course, our drug bill for last year was higher than that . . . but, when I consider the alternatives, I've got to feel it was worth the money. We spent a lot more just patching up the old car and never thought twice about it.

Another point of view . . . Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

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The Myth of MIRV

From a military point of view there is little doubt that the multiple-warhead missile could be effective. There is even less doubt that this weapon will touch off a needless, and perhaps disastrous, escalation of the nuclear arms race. The chance to halt its development is slipping through our fingers.

by LEO SARTORI

The initials MIRV, virtually unheard of six months ago, now appear on the front pages every day. They stand for a new weapon with an impressive name: Multiple Independently Targeted Re-entry Vehicle. What is MIRV? Why is the military so anxious to have it, and why have forty-two Senators sponsored a resolution urging the President to seek an agreement with the Russians to ban further tests?

Briefly, MIRV is a "missile bus" whose "passengers" are nuclear bombs. It enables a single booster to deliver as many as fourteen bombs, each one accurately aimed at a different target. The targets can be 50 or 100 miles apart, perhaps even more. Both we and the Russians have the know-how to produce MIRVs; none have been deployed yet, but testing is proceeding on both sides.

It is generally agreed that from a military viewpoint, MIRV is an effective weapon. Unlike ABM, which critics contend may not work and will not add to our defense, MIRV almost surely will work and potentially represents a tremendous increase in striking force. The opposition to MIRV is based on the conviction that it will lessen our security by severely escalating the arms race, and will increase the danger of nuclear war.

Much of the administration's case for ABM is based on the assumption that the Russians, by installing MIRVs in their big SS9 missiles, could threaten the reliability of our "nuclear umbrella" by the middle 1970s. The principal purpose of our own MIRVs, according to the Pentagon, would be to ensure our ability to penetrate any expanded Soviet ABM. The Defense Department plans to install MIRVs in about half our Minuteman ICBMs, and is refitting most of the Polaris submarine fleet with the new Poseidon missile, also to be equipped with MIRVs.

Critics point to the planned deployment of MIRV and ABM as a typical example of the futility of nuclear escalation—the dog chasing its own tail. We will install these weapons in response to the Russians' planned deployment, and they will install them in response to our own deployment. In the end both sides will be less secure, and the balance of terror will be more unstable than ever.

The best way to avoid this latest round of escalation is to agree with the Russians to stop testing MIRV. The opponents reason that neither side would stake its survival on an inadequately tested weapon. Therefore, if testing stops we can be confident there will be no deployment. But neither side would agree to a test ban if it felt the other side had already tested enough to go ahead with deployment. Since the United States is rapidly approaching this critical stage, a test ban must be agreed to quickly if it is to have any chance of success.

But even if we get an agreement not to test, how will we know the Russians aren't cheating? Fortunately, with spy satellites and other modern surveillance techniques, each side can detect with some confidence a test of a multiple warhead missile by the other. We have recently detected a Soviet test of this kind in the Pacific Ocean. On the other hand, a ban on deployment of MIRVs would be much more difficult to police. It is probably impossible to determine, without detailed on-site inspection, whether a missile in its silo contains one warhead or many. The issue of on-site inspection has been a major stumbling block in past negotiations. The Soviets have traditionally resisted it, and even we, who have always expressed our willingness

Leo Sartori is an associate professor of physics at MIT and a member of the Union of Concerned Scientists.

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to allow inspections, might well be reluctant to submit to the kind of search required to verify that MIRVs have not been installed. Yet, without adequate verification, a deployment ban would be meaningless. Thus, unless testing stops soon, the prospects for a MIRV agreement appear dim.

What are the military advantages of MIRV? Clearly, one gets more warheads with the same number of silos and boosters, but on the other hand the individual warheads must be smaller. In fact, the *combined* yield (megatonnage) of all the weapons in a "MIRVed" missile is less than the yield of the single weapon which the same missile could carry. The reason for the loss is the extra weight that must be carried in the form of heat shields and casings, as well as the more complicated guidance and propulsion systems required with MIRV.

The decreased yield is naturally a disadvantage: small weapons cause less destruction than large ones. But the reduction is not in direct proportion to the yield; the area of destruction of a one-megaton bomb, for example, is *more* than half as great as that of a two-megaton bomb.

Despite the reduction in total yield, the increased number of warheads makes MIRV attractive to the military. There are two main purposes for which MIRV would be useful, one essentially defensive and the other potentially aggressive. The first is in a retaliatory strike against an enemy's cities. Except against the very largest cities, many-megaton weapons are superfluous; much of their destruction would take place outside the city. And the crippling effect on a country of several small nuclear weapons landing on different cities is far greater than that of a single large bomb which completely devastates just one city. ("Small" here can still mean many times the size of the Hiroshima bomb.) MIRV therefore provides greater retaliatory strength with the same number of missiles.

If the opponent has an ABM defense, MIRV confronts the defense with a larger number of incoming objects; the chance that at least one of the warheads reaches its target is greatly increased. MIRV can therefore be regarded as a penetration aid. But for this purpose, independent targeting is unnecessary. The function of exhausting an ABM defense can be accomplished equally well by a less complex form of multiple-warhead missile called MRV (multiple re-entry vehicle). In MRV the individual warheads are not independently targeted, but are all fired at the same target in the manner of a shotgun blast. We now have MRVs in a number of Polaris submarines.

The second possible use of MIRV would be to attack the other side's missiles. For such a purpose, accuracy is all-important and yield is only a secondary consideration. A hardened ICBM silo can survive even a many-megaton burst a few miles away, whereas even a weapon of a few kilotons will destroy the silo if it lands close enough. Consequently, a MIRVed missile containing, say, five warheads can potentially destroy five of the opponent's ICBMs, whereas the same missile carrying a single large warhead can destroy, at most, one. By installing MIRVs, one side therefore greatly increases its capacity to strike at the other side's missiles, provided the accuracy is high enough. (A system without independent targeting is not suited to this purpose and is therefore considered less provocative.)

The first generation of MIRVs probably would not be accurate enough to permit one-on-one targeting; two and perhaps more warheads would have to be targeted on each enemy ICBM to assure its destruction. But once MIRVs are deployed, the door would be opened to further improvements that are already in the research and development stage. Such improvements could reduce targeting errors to unbelievably small distances, and could be installed with no noticeable change from the outside. The threat to opponents' missiles would then be very severe.

It is a paradoxical fact of life in today's nuclear age that weapons aimed at missiles are considered far more aggressive than weapons aimed at cities. The reason is simple: weapons aimed at cities are presumably intended for retaliation only; whereas those aimed at missiles can be used in a pre-emptive first strike. (They can also be used in what is called a "counterforce second strike." If an enemy launches a moderate attack, using only some of his missiles, one may choose to respond by attacking his remaining missiles, thus depriving him of the opportunity to launch a second round. Counterforce second strike is therefore a defensive strategy. Unfortunately, there is no way to convince the other side that one's missiles are intended only for counterforce second strike, and not for an aggressive first strike.) In a surprise attack, the all-important objective would be to destroy the opponent's missiles, thus denying him the ability to retaliate. If a country intended to launch such an attack, the installation of MIRVs would be an important step toward acquiring the capacity to do so. This is the most alarming feature of MIRV.

How does installing MIRVs differ from just increasing the number of one's ICBMs? As far as striking capability is concerned, the effect is pretty much the same. But there are at least two ways in which the destabilizing effect on the strategic balance is likely to be greater. First, neither side can ever be sure, once MIRV deployment has begun, how many weapons the enemy has; as a result, each is almost sure to overestimate the other's strength, and accordingly to overrespond. Thus the spiral of escalation and counter-escalation will expand at a faster rate. The feeling of relative security that comes from knowing the strength of one's opponent will be gone forever once the MIRV era begins.

The second feature peculiar to MIRV is that it enhances the premium on striking first in a crisis situation, making war more likely. The reasons for this will be described later.

In order to evaluate the arguments for and against MIRV, it is necessary to have in mind some picture of the present strategic balance—the strengths of the two superpowers in deliverable nuclear weapons. One statistic points up the enormity of the nuclear arsenals: *a single B-52 bomber carries more explosive power than has been used in all the wars of history.* And we have more than 600 B-52s, as well as about 1,000 land-based ICBMs, and more than 600 long-range missiles carried by Polaris submarines. All these missiles carry warheads in the megaton range (one megaton is the equivalent of one million tons of TNT, about fifty times the yield of the Hiroshima bomb that killed 100,000 people.) Altogether, we have more than 4,500 deliverable nuclear weapons. It has been estimated that 400 one-megaton warheads could kill seventy million

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Russians and destroy about three-quarters of Soviet industry. (These figures refer to immediate destruction only, and do not include the widespread effects of fallout, contamination, epidemics, and so on, that surely would follow.)

The Soviet arsenal is also immense. Their ICBM force has expanded in recent years and now approximately equals ours in number. Although we are still considerably ahead in submarine missiles and nuclear bombers, as well as in total deliverable warheads, there is no doubt the Russians could devastate us if they tried.

In this situation, with each side having so much strength, numerical superiority means little. Each country insists that its strategic force is not an offensive weapon, but is intended only to "deter" the other side from attacking. At the moment, the ability of each power to retaliate after any attack is unquestioned; thus an uneasy stability rules. This state of mutual deterrence can be upset only if one side becomes capable of destroying so many of the opponent's weapons in a surprise attack that the opponent is unable to retaliate effectively. The ability to launch such an attack is known as first-strike capability.

It is not hard to imagine how desperate our situation would be if the Soviets ever obtained a first-strike capability. Even if they never actually launched a single missile, the mere threat of an attack would be sufficient to force important concessions throughout the world, perhaps even to make us surrender. The prospect that the United States might acquire a first-strike capability must appear equally ominous in the eyes of the Russians. Understandably, then, any move by one side that even vaguely threatens to lead to a first-strike capability is viewed with great apprehension by the other. The trouble is that each side sees its own arms expansions as purely defensive, while attributing aggressive intentions to similar actions by the opponent. At various times, both American and Soviet officials have accused the other side of "going for a first-strike capability." The most recent instance was a statement by Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird before the House Appropriations Committee on May 22, although this was subsequently qualified in testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

How serious is the threat of a Soviet first-strike capability? To answer this, one must inquire what such a capability entails. At present, each of our three major strategic forces—Polaris submarines, long-range bombers, and land-based missiles—constitutes by itself a retaliatory force of vast strength. To achieve a successful first strike, the Russians therefore would have to knock out all three forces simultaneously. (Even if they could do all that, they would still have to worry about the 7,000 so-called "tactical" nuclear weapons based in Europe, many of which can be delivered on targets in the Western Soviet Union.) Moreover, they would have to have very high confidence in the complete success of such an attack; if any hitch occurred, their homeland would be in ashes minutes later. The United States would be faced with a similar requirement if it should ever contemplate a first strike. Let us examine the prospects of either country attaining this capability.

The Polaris fleet is considered the least vulnerable part of our deterrent. Whereas the locations of land-based ICBMs are accurately known to the Russians through satellite photography, neither photography nor radar is effective underwater. The nuclear subs can stay under many months and cruise many thousands of miles without surfacing, and while submerged they are practically invisible. The two principal methods of submarine detection are sonar—based on the reflection of sound waves—and MAD (magnetic anomaly detection), which senses small changes in the earth's magnetic field produced by a submarine's iron hull. However, both are effective only over distances of a few miles, at most. Therefore, although they can be employed for tracking purposes, they are almost useless in searching for submarines in the vast expanse of mid-ocean.

"MIRV enhances the premium on striking first in a crisis situation, making war more likely."

An effective method for locating nuclear submarines at large distances requires major new ideas and technological breakthroughs, not just the refinement of known techniques. Such breakthroughs do not appear to be on the horizon. Our own effort in anti-submarine warfare, despite expenditures of several billion dollars a year, has not come up with anything promising. And the U.S. Navy, at least, is highly confident that the Russians are no further along. Others have expressed doubts about the long-term safety of the submarine deterrent, but these doubts are not based on any known Soviet developments. We cannot be 100 per cent certain that some supersecret Soviet anti-submarine weapon is not being perfected; but this seems most unlikely.

The most plausible threat to the submarine deterrent is that swift "hunter-killer" subs will lurk offshore, pick up the missile-carrying subs as they leave their home ports, and trail them continuously thereafter. Both we and the Soviets have nuclear hunter-killer subs and are undoubtedly working hard on improving them. The hunter-killers would have to be considerably swifter and more maneuverable than their quarry, which can carry out numerous evasive measures to shake off pursuit. And to make sure that all the Polarises are continuously shadowed would require a substantial fleet of hunter-killers. Since we have a good indication of the number of Soviet submarines, we should have adequate warning if such a threat loomed.

Before the advent of intercontinental missiles, long-range bombers constituted our entire deterrent force. During that era, a fraction of the strategic bomber fleet was airborne at all times. After several embarrassing accidents this system was dropped, but about 40 per cent of the strategic bomber fleet remains on fifteen-minute runway alert. Since our long-range radar provides at least twenty minutes' warning of an ICBM attack, a good fraction of the B-52s should be able to get off the ground before any enemy missiles arrive. Because the strategic bombers carry such heavy loads, a relatively small number can provide strong retaliation.

It is argued that some possible attacks, particularly by low-trajectory missiles launched from offshore submarines, could come with less than fifteen minutes' warning and could conceivably destroy the bomber fleet on the ground. To guard against this, the B-52s are being more widely dispersed, with a greater number stationed far from the coasts. Moreover, the airborne alert can always be reinstituted if necessary; presumably this would be done during any period of crisis. To neutralize completely the bomber-borne deterrent would then require an air defense system considerably more effective than either we or the Russians now possess.

I have left for last the land-based missiles, on which most of the first-strike discussion has concentrated. Since their locations are pinpointed accurately by satellite reconnaissance, ICBMs are in principle vulnerable to attack, even though their hardened, concrete silos can survive anything but

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an almost direct hit. The accuracy required for assured destruction depends on the hardness of the silo and on the yield of the attacking missile; in some cases, accuracies of half a mile or less may be needed. But this is already within or very near the capability of both ourselves and the Soviets.

There is no doubt that, given enough missiles, either side could destroy practically all the opponent's missiles, provided the latter remain in their silos. It is also agreed that neither side has nowhere near enough missiles to accomplish this at the present time. The disagreement is on the question of *how many* missiles the Russians would need in order to knock out our ICBMs, and *how long* it will take them to reach that capability if we do nothing about it. Secretary of Defense Laird says this may occur by 1975 if the Soviets continue to deploy SS-9s at the present rate of about fifty a year, and equip them with three MIRVs per missile. Others claim that Laird's estimate is exaggerated.

The calculations on which estimates of probable destruction are based include many factors about which our knowledge is unprecise—the accuracy and yield of the Soviet missiles, their launch-failure rate, and so on. A conservative planner naturally tends to be pessimistic when in doubt. By using the most pessimistic estimate of every quantity that enters the calculation, one arrives at a result that, in all probability, is a gross overestimate of the true capability of the opponent. But prudence requires that we be prepared for such an extreme possibility if we can.

It is conceivable that the Soviet missile force could, by 1975, be strong enough to destroy most (say 95 per cent) of our Minutemen in a surprise attack. This is the premise on which the Administration bases its decision to proceed with ABM deployment and also forms part of the rationale for MIRV. The ABM, it is argued, will increase the number of Minutemen that survive the hypothetical Soviet first strike, and with MIRVs those surviving Minutemen will provide stronger retaliatory power.

Two principal lines of argument are offered in rebuttal to this case. First, even if the Soviets could wipe out our Minutemen, our other two deterrents would still deny them a first-strike capability. The weapons carried by a single Polaris submarine, even without MIRVs, can destroy sixteen cities. The diversity of our retaliatory force is often cited as its greatest strength.

Moreover, the argument over destruction of the Minutemen assumes that they all remain in their silos. But these solid-fueled missiles can be fired in about a minute, far less than the radar warning time of an ICBM attack. There would therefore be ample time, in case of an all-out attack on us, to fire some or even all the Minutemen before any enemy missiles arrive; the latter would then fall on empty silos, and the attempted first strike would fail.

The Administration counters that such a policy of "fire on warning" would be dangerous and unwise. Unlike bombers, missiles cannot be recalled in case of a false alarm. Perhaps they are equipped with a "disarm" mechanism that can be activated in flight; this information has not been made public. In any case, the government is understandably reluctant to rely on a strategy that commits us to massive retaliation before we know the full scope of the attack, indeed, even before we are absolutely positive that we have been attacked at all. Although our technology has come a long way since the time when the early warning system mistook the rising of the moon for a missile attack, we should still avoid the chance, no matter how remote, of plunging the world into nuclear disaster because of a radar malfunction. A fire-on-warning policy has few enthusiastic advocates.

But, say the opponents, this argument misses the point of deterrence. What matters is not whether we actually adopt a fire-on-warning strategy, but rather the mere fact that we *could* do so. How can the Russians be sure, in launching their hypothetical first strike, that the President would not immediately "press the button" and thus obliterate their country? Without such assurance they cannot count on knocking out the ICBM force, no matter how many SS-9s they may have.

Finally, if the Minuteman force should ever in fact become seriously menaced, measures can be taken to reinforce it that do not have the provocative features of MIRV. Foremost among these is superhardening—strengthening the silos so they can survive an explosion at even closer range. Substantial improvements in hardening appear to be technically feasible. Superhardening does not increase the threat to the opponent's deterrent.

If the Russians had a very effective ABM system around all their cities, they might achieve a first-strike capability without necessarily being able to destroy all our retaliatory forces in an initial attack. They could count on their ABM to bring down whatever missiles and bombers managed to survive a first strike. But neither side can plausibly expect to have that powerful an ABM for a very long time. The Soviet ABM defense ("Galosh") now deployed around Moscow has been more than fully countered. Even if each defensive missile were 100 per

"For God's sake, don't do anything for me that'll put me in a higher bracket!"

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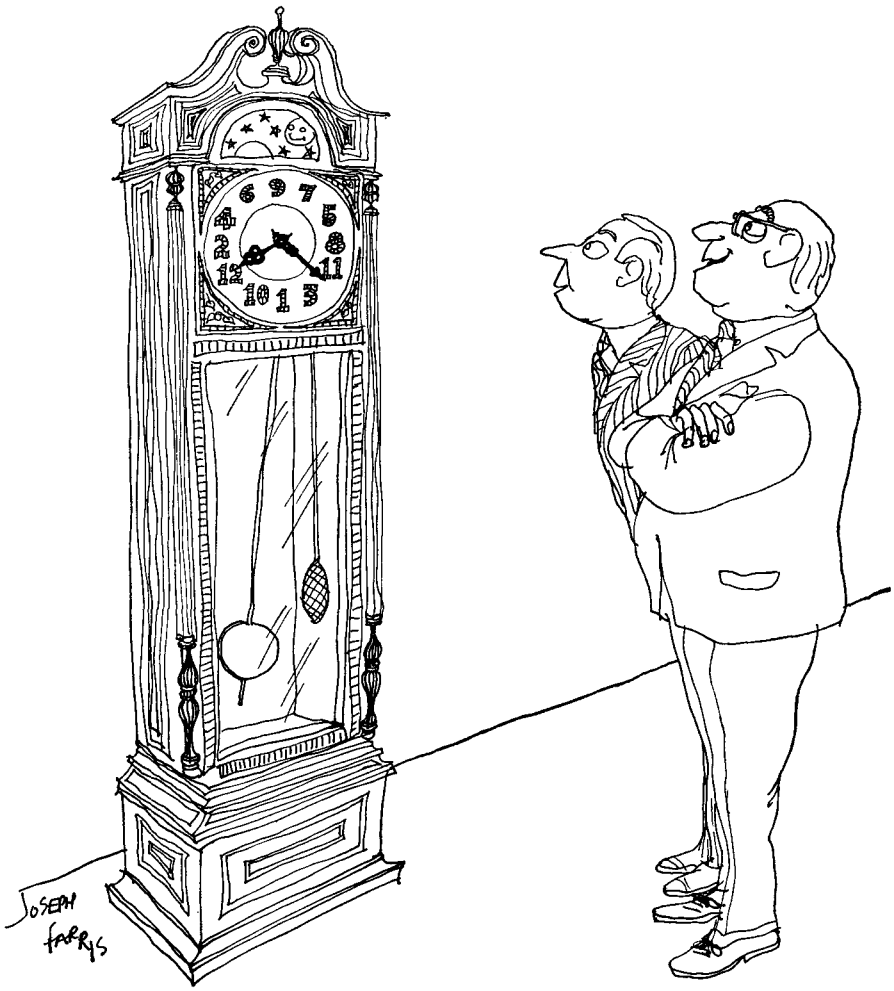
cent effective, which is highly doubtful, we have enough Minutemen targeted on Moscow to saturate the defense without MIRV. The Russians have apparently halted further deployment of this system, which is considered far less effective than the proposed American Safeguard system. Practically all authorities agree that it is impossible to defend populations against the kind of attacks that the superpowers are capable of launching. The most that ABM could contribute would be to reinforce a first-strike capability that is almost fully established without it. That is, if a country had the power to eliminate *almost* all the opponent's forces in a first strike, the possession of an extensive city ABM system would protect its population from the small number of remaining missiles and thus buttress its first-strike capability.

If the critics are correct, *none* of our three major deterrent forces is likely to be seriously threatened in the foreseeable future. The chance that the Russians could, with high confidence, destroy all three deterrents simultaneously then seems very slim indeed. All the arguments that establish the reliability of our own retaliatory forces can be applied to the Soviets' as well, although their submarine and bomber-borne deterrents are less convincing at present than ours. But, barring totally unforeseen developments, it seems practically impossible for either the United States or the Soviet Union to attain a first-strike capability.

If this is the case, why does the military on both sides continually clamor for more and better weapons? In particular, why MIRV?

Some would answer simply that in today's troubled world, we can never have enough weapons. Any weapon that adds to our strength will decrease the chance that we are attacked; if MIRV is effective and technically feasible, our country ought to have it. This reasoning has an obvious appeal, but it overlooks the fact that in the age of nuclear missiles, strength is no longer synonymous with security. During the past twenty years our security has actually diminished, even as our strength has increased. Before the Soviets had nuclear weapons and delivery systems we surely were more secure than we are today, even though our own weapons were fewer and far less sophisticated. Nowadays our security depends as much on our opponent's strength as on our own, and additional weapons will not make us safer if they stimulate compensating expansions in the Soviet arsenal.

A more realistic strategy is to deploy only those weapons required to ensure that each element of our retaliatory force remains unquestionably effective. The Pentagon apparently believes that MIRV is necessary for this purpose. Dr. John S. Foster, Jr., chief of research and development for the Defense Department, told the Senate Appropriations Committee in testimony released June 13: "We are developing . . . MIRV payloads as a way to insure our ability to penetrate Soviet defenses." Dr. Foster added that it was important to maintain the present test schedule as a hedge against the possibility that the Soviet Union would convert an anti-aircraft defense system into a defense against ICBMs. It is hard to see why that possibility should be cause for such a large-scale immediate response on our part.



"That was the kind of guy grandfather was."

We are told that the Russians are developing MIRV in an attempt to obtain a first-strike capability, whereas our MIRVs are intended purely for retaliatory (defensive) purposes. No doubt a Soviet counterpart of Secretary Laird is pointing to the American MIRV development as an indication of our aggressive intentions, while proclaiming the defensive intent of the Soviet program. In the climate of mutual suspicion that has prevailed since the beginning of the cold war, this situation is hardly surprising. Each side attaches great significance to actions or utterances by the opponent that reinforce its fears. For example, a preoccupation with high missile accuracy must be particularly worrisome to the other side. A retaliatory strike against cities does not require extreme accuracy; the threat of a thermonuclear bomb exploding anywhere in New York City or Moscow provides an equally effective deterrent. But high accuracy is essential for an attack on missile silos. The Soviets must therefore have viewed with great alarm Secretary Laird's recent request for additional appropriations to accelerate work which will "improve significantly the accuracy of Poseidon guidance, thus enhancing its effectiveness against hard sites." Such a statement by a Soviet Politburo member would surely be cited by Mr. Laird as proof of the Russians' first-strike intentions.

If each country believed the other's proclamations of peaceful intent, the arms race would soon be over. This, unfortunately, is not a likely prospect. But irrespective of the motives on either side, it seems clear that we would feel more secure if the Soviets did not have MIRVs, and they would

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feel more secure if we didn't have them. It is equally clear that if one side proceeds with MIRV deployment, the other inevitably will also.

Therefore, an agreement that prevents the deployment of MIRV is in the best interest of both countries.

Critics of MIRV claim that it is more than just an escalation; that its deployment by both sides will actually make nuclear war more likely. The reasoning is as follows. Nuclear war can break out in a number of ways; a cold-blooded surprise attack by one side, during a period of calm, is not the only way or even the most likely one. A more plausible sequence of events begins with a crisis involving the major powers. The leaders of both countries are under great pressures. It has always been an axiom of military theory that the attacking side has an initial advantage. This is particularly true in a nuclear confrontation: Even though neither side has a first-strike capability, the country that strikes first would likely suffer fewer casualties and less destruction. The pressure to get in the first blow is reinforced by the fear that the opponents may be planning to do so. As the tension mounts, the leaders of one country may be persuaded by their military staff to strike first and accept, say, thirty or forty million casualties, rather than risk total annihilation if the other side should attack.

All this is true with or without MIRV; unless there is substantial disarmament we are sentenced to live indefinitely under such a threat. But if both sides have MIRVs the advantage to the attacker is materially increased; hence the chance that a crisis may end in disaster is also increased.

A simplified example explains why possession of MIRV by both sides increases the temptation to strike first. Suppose each side has exactly 1,000 land-based ICBMs (without MIRV). If side A wishes to attack, it may target one of its missiles on each of B's. Suppose the chance that a given missile destroys its target (called the "kill probability") is 75 per cent; this allows for the possibility of misfire, targeting error, and so on. Even if A were to fire his entire force in a first strike, he could expect to knock out only 750 of B's missiles. The surviving 250 would be more than enough to enable B to retaliate. Thus, A is deterred. Obviously, so is B. This corresponds roughly to the present situation.

Next, suppose both sides have installed MIRVs in their arsenals with ten warheads per missile. Each side now has 10,000 warheads in the same 1,000 silos as before. Because the warheads are smaller each one is less likely to knock out a silo; the kill probability is reduced, say, to 50 per cent. But A can target many warheads on each of B's silos. He can fire, say, 800 of his missiles, keeping 200 in reserve. The 800 missiles contain 8,000 warheads, so eight bombs can be aimed at each of B's 1,000 sites. Even though each weapon is only 50 per cent effective, the chance that all eight will fail is extremely small, only about one in 250. According to the laws of averages, only four of B's missiles will survive, while A has 200 left. Evidently, B can obtain the same advantage by firing his missiles first.

The preceding analysis is admittedly oversimplified. It ignores submarines and bombers, which are important. It assumes that B does not fire his missiles on warning, which he could well do, and the kill probabilities used are higher than present-day accuracy makes possible. But such values are not out of the question for tomorrow, and the example illustrates an essential point: Because a single incoming missile is capable of destroying many MIRVed warheads in the ground, there is a great premium on getting missiles into the air first, when the other side is MIRVed. This is clearly a destabilizing factor in any crisis.

> "... in the age of nuclear missiles, strength is no longer synonymous with security."

In this example, if B's 10,000 warheads were in individual silos, a far greater fraction would survive any attack that A could mount. Thus a good case can be made for the argument that if we were genuinely threatened by Russian MIRVs, deploying more Minutemen would be a much more logical response than putting in our own MIRVs.

As the example indicates, MIRV is a step toward a first-strike capability. In fact, in the hypothetical situation described, *both* sides have a first-strike capability *at the same time*. If combined with future breakthroughs in anti-submarine warfare and in air defense, MIRV could one day make that dread possibility a reality. One can imagine the pressures that then would arise in any crisis, with each side knowing that it had at least a good chance of getting away with a surprise attack, and that the opponents did also.

What is the likelihood that MIRV will be stopped? A short time ago the chances seemed negligibly small, but opposition has been increasing at a rapid rate recently, in the editorial columns and in Congress. At last count, forty-two Senators have cosponsored Senator Brooke's resolution urging the President to seek a joint Soviet-American moratorium on MIRV testing. A second resolution by Senator Clifford P. Case goes further and asks for a temporary cessation of U.S. testing pending the negotiation of a formal agreement. President Nixon agreed in his June 19 press conference that a mutual halt to MIRV testing might be desirable, but he declined to order a unilateral halt, preferring to wait for the arms control talks to consider the question.

The key to the possibility of an agreement is the state of the testing programs. Our own program began in August 1968 with an announced timetable of two years. Nine tests each of MIRVed Minutemen III and Poseidon have been announced, and those are said to put us one-third the way through our test program. The complete functioning of the entire system is not yet reported to have been fully tested. But some critics suspect that the military is rushing the tests in an effort to get them through before the arms talks begin.

Soviet testing is apparently less far along. The tests of a three-part warhead announced by Secretary Laird on May 22, which were the first ones reported, could not be positively identified as tests of MIRV; they may have been merely MRV. If three warheads re-enter the atmosphere and splash down a few miles apart, it is not obvious whether they were independently targeted. Presumably, the array of Soviet radar equipment monitoring the tests was not sufficiently elaborate to indicate unambiguously that each warhead was being separately tracked. (The difficulty in distinguishing tests of MRV from those of MIRV implies that in any agreement, both types of tests would have to be prohibited. Some proponents of MIRV claim that the Russians could disguise tests of MIRV to make them look like ordinary single-warhead missiles, which could not be banned. If that were true, even a test-ban agreement could not be confidently policed. But it is hard to believe that a country could proceed to deploy MIRVs without at least some realistic tests of the complete system.)

The advocates of an immediate U.S. moratorium argue that the proposal to discuss a mutual test ban at the arms talks may prove to be futile. By the time the negotiators get down to substantive discussion, we may al-

(*Continued on page* 32)

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The Fiendish Vials

The Congress of the United States has been shocked by reports of shipments of poison gases, high-potency disease germs, and other chemical-biological weapons from one point to another within the United States, and has acted with indignation and unanimity to prevent further shipments within the country. Outside the country similar cries have gone up over the transport or storage of such weapons by the United States. It is possible that the Congress may feel that the concern of other nations in this matter warrants similar protective measures.

The Congress has identified the smallest part of the problem. The principal danger of these weapons is represented by their manufacture and possible use, and not by their deployment. The focus of Congressional attention should be on the existence of such devices and on what is required to abolish them altogether. For included in this arsenal, and the arsenals of other nations, are aerosol sprays that cause the delicate nerve structure of the brain to deteriorate; a chemical substance so powerful that a speck of it no larger than a pencil point, when it touches human skin, can produce a massive heart attack; and viruses and disease germs so virulent that no known antibiotic or other therapeutic agent can prevent them from precipitating plagues over wide areas. It is the bulging and expanding existence of these horrors, rather than the possibility that an accident may cause some spillage, that should inflame the public sense of outrage.

Anyone who has read the recent U.N. report on chemical and bacteriological warfare knows that the fiendish vials that now abound in such large quantities throughout the world must not merely be kept free of the hazards of transportation, but must be eliminated altogether.

How does it happen that the American government is spending hundreds of millions of dollars each year on ways of creating and spreading incurable diseases? It has happened the same way thermonuclear weapons and ICBMs and now ABMs have "happened." First, the scientists declare a weapon is theoretically possible. Then there is alarm over reports that the Soviet Union is secretly planning to develop the new weaponry. We are told that the Department of Defense cannot take the responsibility for the security of the United States unless it is given complete authority to develop appropriate new counter-weapons, and then to pursue superiority, whatever the cost, whatever the implications.

What about the possibility of agreements with the Soviet Union aimed at bringing under control the more monstrous aspects of the world arms race? This race is being conducted in the name of national security, but is actually producing mutual insecurity, disfiguration of human values, and disruption or destruction of programs designed to enhance life and the conditions of life. What happens when such arms-control agreements are proposed has by now become something of a pattern. The statement is made that we must of course pursue the possibility of agreements but that such pursuit should not be allowed to interfere with the immediate and thoroughgoing development and manufacture of the new weapons. End of any possibility of arms control.

This is not a uniquely American situation. In 1963, I had an opportunity to see the same scientific-military reflexes at work in the Soviet Union. President John F. Kennedy had asked me to undertake informal and unofficial talks with Soviet Chairman Nikita S. Khrushchev in an attempt to unsnarl the negotiations for a limited ban on nuclear testing. During the discussions, Mr. Khrushchev said he had been under mounting pressure from his scientists and generals to proceed with a full nuclear weapons program, for which unrestricted testing was mandatory. He said these scientists and generals claimed to have secret information that the United States had ways of circumventing any agreement, and that the proposed test-ban treaty was only a ploy to open up the Soviet Union to expanded American espionage. He said that if he had to depend on his military people for reducing tensions between the United States and the Soviet Union, he would have only torches and thorns to work with.

The limited nuclear test ban is regarded by many contemporary historians as the most significant achievement in an otherwise almost unbroken series of escalating moves in the world arms race. Let it be noted that this

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particular treaty was passed by the U.S. Senate over the opposition of most of our military leaders.

And now the same men who did their best to maintain unlimited nuclear testing are using the same arguments for unlimited development of bacteriological, chemical, and radiological weapons; and anti-ballistic missiles; and multiple independently targeted re-entry vehicles [for more on the latter, see the article by Leo Sartori in this issue]. It is not unnatural for them to apply such pressure, for, in a very real sense, this is part of their job. But it is both unnatural and hazardous for the American people to be acquiescent or uncritical witnesses to this process. It is their clear historical right not to let their government get away from them.

The notion that peace is possible in an open-ended arms race has no basis in human experience. To this may be added a profound observation by Richard M. Nixon before he became President: he said the best time to bring weapons under control is before, not after, they get into the stage of manufacture and stockpiling.

By now, the complexities of the world arms race have reached a point where even the most painstaking, persistent, and genuine efforts may not yield dramatic or immediate results. But it would clear the air if the United States announced to the world that we would rather die ourselves than to loose chemical and bacteriological horrors on mankind—and that, accordingly, we were taking a first step in what we hoped would be a program to eliminate these weapons altogether. We would specify the nature and quantity of weapons to be destroyed in the first phase, and invite U.N. Secretary General U Thant to appoint personnel to observe and report. We would announce that, if other nations carried out similar phased reductions under U.N. certification, we would be prepared to continue this reciprocal process until the world's arsenals were fully purged. Most important, we could say we were prepared to extend this process to the reduction and elimination of nuclear weapons, so long as others will proceed with us.

At the same time, we could move mightily in the direction of strengthening the U.N. itself, broadening its authority in order to enable it to deal with world tensions and conflicts on a statutory rather than makeshift basis. For it will not be enough to bring the world arms race under control. Nations themselves must be brought under responsible control. The advocacy of such an approach to peace is where security begins.

—N.C.

Letters to the Editor

Draining Brains

NURI EREN'S ARTICLE "Supply, Demand, and the Brain Drain" [*SR*, Aug. 2] was one of the best I have read on this subject. Being an Australian living in the United States, and having lived in the United Kingdom for eleven years, I find it very difficult, however, to agree with Ambassador Eren's conclusion that it is time for an international agreement on the exchange of human resources. I think that such a move would be detrimental to the advancement of those very countries which he seeks to aid by such an agreement. The simple fact is that these are frequently countries whose social climate is anathema to the class of people whom it would be to their best advantage to retain. Thus, the remnants of feudalism that exist in many South American and European countries, as well as the long-established political systems that retard reform, are usual reasons for departure.

In some cases, the opportunity for large salaries plays a part in the final decision, but this is the least common factor. For most of us, what matters is the opportunity to develop our own professional and/or intellectual powers to their maximum, rather than to chafe under bureaucratic ineptitude and national disbelief in the values to which we aspire. All too frequently, the native country is more interested in the international prestige associated with either a man or an activity, such as pure research or the operation of a national airline, rather than with the abilities of its highly educated.

To enforce a restriction upon the exchange of human resources would be serfdom at an international level. For many of the impoverished countries, the best possible hope is to reattract those people rather than to present them with what amounts to nothing short of forced labor. Any regulations at an international level would remove the last reason for reforms being initiated in many of the countries involved in these losses.

THOMAS M. DUNN,
Professor of Chemistry,
The University of Michigan,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

"THE TIME is ripe for international regulation of trained talent," as Nuri Eren so ominously put it, is merely another way of saying it is all right to limit individual freedom. What else would this be than a return to medieval restraints?

FRANK A. MARX,
San Francisco, Calif.

Oldsters vs. Youngsters

TO HARRISON BROWN'S excellent editorial "Why the Generation Gap?" [*SR*, July 19], I would like to add an observation: The gap has become war. Marijuana is a latecomer to the monkey-on-back business. Some responsible medical authorities assert that it is no more harmful than tobacco or liquor. This doesn't claim that it is beneficial, but suppose it had become socially acceptable with the other two evils? Then, it is probable that there would be no campaign against it, or if so, there would be a powerful lobby citing the wages, dividends, taxes, etc., of another flourishing industry. Certainly no one would talk of criminal prosecution for use.

I suggest that the present attitude toward use of marijuana is dictated by desire to punish the younger generation; just another weapon of oldsters vs. youngsters.

But you cannot legislate morals when none are involved, and this attempt will fail as have other such efforts. Meanwhile, many youngsters will become casualties of this effort and will adopt still more bitter feelings about us.

ABE KOPPELMAN,
Tucson, Ariz.

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Labor Day

LABOR DAY is a fine line, on the other side of which most things that are going to happen, happen. "I'll see you after Labor Day." "We're in Massachusetts until L.D." Although it is only a line, many things go on above it. "Where are you going over Labor Day?"

The Knights of Labor, an organization of farriers and caulkers, held a parade in New York in 1892 on the first Monday in September and Samuel Gompers was in it. They called themselves Knights because their noble purpose was to raise wages. On other days of the year the Knights were known as Hunkies, Dumb Swedes, and Hey You. The American Federation of L had been founded the year before to keep children under ten from competing in the steel mills.

Martin Van Buren, a President, had decreed a ten-hour day back in 1840, but that was either an infringement of state's rights or nobody had heard of Van Buren, because nothing happened.

Now, after seventy-eight years, child labor is abolished but the damn parade is still going on. The noble objective is no longer better wages, though. This is partly owing to the fact that there are no longer any workingmen. All that's left are a few Sanitary Engineers who refuse to collect the garbage, and $20,000-per-annum Teamsters who have never seen a horse. The parade itself consists of phalanxes of wealthy contractors and the girls' band from St. Oliphant's. All the cops who own white gloves are spaced in between, while their ungloved brethren stand around estimating the crowd to be a million.

The noble objective (see above) is now the four-hour day, time off for good behavior, and time and a half for sickness, birthdays, Lag Bo-Omer, poor astrological forecasts, unfinished lawn-watering, and two months in Italy on the house.

The British spell it labour and have no special Day for it. What they do have is a Party, and it goes on all the time.

—HENRY MORGAN.

It's Glue Time, and Watch Your Fingers

MY THREE SMALL children look forward to Glue Time, but for me it's something I can either take or leave alone, like cleaning out the sink trap.

The kids are always breaking things, and we have a rule that if the broken thing isn't too large (like a wall), the pieces must be gathered up and carefully placed on my desk. When the pieces start sliding off the pile and breaking into smaller pieces, it's Glue Time. From the shelf I get a shoe box-ful of cans, tubes, and bottles of glue. Swiftly, the kids clear the kitchen table—breaking the sugar bowl—and cover it completely with today's unread newspaper.

All the broken toys and lamps and dishes are then moved from desktop to tabletop. "Poor horsie," says my eldest daughter, fondling a pile of ceramic chips. "Daddy will make you well."

As anybody who has messed around with glue knows, different glues must be used for different materials. (Except fingers. All glue glues fingers together.) The popular epoxy cement, for example, is excellent for replacing ears on porcelain rabbits, but will not glue tails back on plastic Irish setters. If you use epoxy on an Irish setter the tail droops and while you're trying to straighten it, your hands get sticky. If you don't keep your head, you'll find both hands glued to a tailless plastic Irish setter.

Epoxy cement, which comes in two tubes, is not to be confused with model cement which comes in one tube only there are two different kinds. One type of model cement works for balsa wood airplanes, and is used by people who like to fasten little sticks together and spend the next twelve hours peeling their fingers. The other kind is plastic model cement, and this works fine on tails of plastic Irish setters and plastic blue dinosaurs. Both kinds leak out of the tube when you're not looking, and the stuff dries in a twinkling. It seeks out corduroy pants, and cannot be removed.

Rubber cement is best for gluing paper to paper, or paper to walls and floors if you don't supervise the children.

White glue comes in plastic bottles with caps that glue themselves to the bottle after use. You have to cut open the bottle, and then it dries up. A lot of this glue is sold, and you can see why. Brown glue also comes in plastic bottles, and is made from real horsies. Under no circumstances should this fact be mentioned during Glue Time.

White glue and brown glue are used for sticking pieces of wood together, like building blocks and pianos. It is best to use glue clamps on wood. There are two types: the wrong kind for the job, which you own; and the right kind, which you don't.

When you tighten clamps, excess glue squeezes out. It must be wiped off carefully with rags. Children like to run around the house snapping the rags at each other and covering themselves with glue. Then they hide the rags in upholstered chairs.

At our most recent Glue Time, my boy asked me to mend his favorite rock. (I avoided asking him what he broke the rock *on*.) It was a new challenge. I pawed through the glue box, but none of the labels said anything about rocks. The epoxy might have worked, but I had used it all up mending a bear which had been left in the driveway and run over by a station wagon, poor devil.

I finally chose a preparation, two cans you mix together, which I had bought at the hardware store after viewing an impressive demonstration model—a golf ball glued to a bottle glued to a hubcap and the whole thing glued to a wooden stand. If the stuff could do that, a rock should be a pushover.

Following directions, I scooped out both cans with a spoon and mixed the material on a board until it reached a uniform gray color. Then I lathered both pieces of my son's rock, and stuck them together.

Glue Time at an end, we left all the articles to dry overnight, wirebrushed ourselves, and went to bed.

The next morning I picked up the rock and the two halves came apart. But man, that stuff can really glue a spoon to a board.

—DERECK WILLIAMSON.

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An essay review of "Men Who Play God: The Story of the H-Bomb and How the World Came to Live with It," by Norman Moss (Harper & Row, 352 pp., $6.95)

Absurdity and Common Sense: Coping with Nuclear Weapons

by ROBERT JAY LIFTON

There are two constructive approaches to the bomb—that of nuclear common sense, and that of what I would call nuclear absurdity. Nuclear common sense insists that we start from where we are now, with the bomb inhabiting our world, and then, on the basis of careful political and technical calculations, take small, prudent steps toward controlling the weapon and preventing its use, always with an eye toward what is possible. Nuclear absurdity, in contrast, involves an image of our weaponry as preposterous and grotesque in its capacity to extinguish our species many times over, and leads to such iconoclastic stances as nuclear abolitionism, social and political revolution, and an over-all world view dominated by mockery.

The two approaches co-exist, often even in the same mind, and each needs the other. Nuclear common sense alone can too easily lead to settling for much less than is needed, to the illusion of security through deterrence, and to other dubious expressions of "nuclear realism." Nuclear absurdity alone can move toward empty moralism, or even toward various forms of holocaust in the name of preventing same. Most people are able to accept a version of nuclear common sense, but few have recognized the necessity for what I would view as the more fundamental image of nuclear absurdity as the means for providing the only kind of feeling-tone around which adequate nuclear common sense can be mobilized.

A true sense of nuclear absurdity, then, requires one to keep asking, how do we go on making, living with, generally accepting weapons whose only effect, if used, could be genocide? The question plunges us into the most intractable of our psychological and historical dilemmas. At issue is man's perverse capacity for the kind of pseudo-adaptation that can lead to his self-annihilation. Yet we have been shockingly lax in examining the strange new phenomenon of co-existing with the instruments that might put an end to that segment of human evolution we call history.

Norman Moss thus directs his inquiry about the hydrogen bomb to such questions as "how and why it was created, the way people learned to use it and not to use it, and how a place was found for it in the world." Significantly, he prefaces *Men Who Play God* with Winston Churchill's observation that "The atomic bomb, with all its terrors, did not carry us outside the scope of human control or manageable events, in thought or action, in peace or war. But . . . [with] the hydrogen bomb, the entire foundation of human affairs was revolutionized, and mankind placed in a situation both measureless and laden with doom." One could of course argue that the hydrogen bomb itself is merely a continuation of the weapons revolution initiated by the atomic bomb, but we in any case do well to note the revolutionary nature of the "measurelessness" Churchill referred to.

Moss narrates skillfully enough the sequence of events leading to the crucial decision, made during the last three months of 1949, to produce the hydrogen bomb. But when we read of the refreshing sense of nuclear absurdity expressed by James Conant (then president of Harvard and a member of the General Advisory Committee of the Atomic Energy Commission), upon re-

ROBERT JAY LIFTON, author of *Death in Life: Survivors of Hiroshima,* which won a 1969 National Book Award, is research professor of psychiatry at Yale.

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calling his and others' similar involvements with the atomic bomb—"This whole discussion makes me feel I'm seeing the same film, and a punk one, for the second time"—we begin to wonder about the extent to which any descriptive account of events such as these tends to mute or even block out the moments of greatest wisdom. Actually, a nice combination of that absurdity and of nuclear common sense prevailed on the Committee, as particularly revealed in a sentence Moss quotes from its majority report: "In determining not to proceed to develop the super [hydrogen] bomb, we see a unique opportunity of providing by example some limitations on the totality of war, and thus eliminating the fear and rousing the hopes of mankind." Why then could scientists like Ernest Lawrence and Edward Teller, and politician-administrators like Brien McMahon and Lewis L. Strauss have their way and get the bomb built?

Moss cogently puts forth a number of reasons. There was the fascination with technology, which David Lilienthal (then head of the Atomic Energy Commission, and in retrospect an admirable opponent of the hydrogen bomb) characterized as "gadget-mindedness." Robert Oppenheimer later described the same tendency with characteristic eloquence: "It is my judgment in these things that when you see something that is technically sweet, you go ahead and do it, and you argue about what to do about it only after you have had your technical success." There was the sense of American responsibility for world leadership (however corrupting, that sense could also be genuine) and fear that, as Moss puts it, "to renounce such a weapon might mean giving the power to the most unscrupulous." There was the news (in September) of "Joe One," that is, of Russia's own atomic bomb (named with the usual combination of breeziness and domestication); and a little later (early February 1950), of Klaus Fuchs's espionage activities on behalf of the Soviet Union, after having had a prominent part in the making of the atomic bomb as a member of the British Los Alamos contingent. There was the belief that an American decision to produce the "super" would coerce Russia into international agreement. This was the position of Defense Secretary Louis Johnson who, with Lilienthal and Secretary of State Dean Acheson, served on a three-man Special Committee appointed by President Truman to advise him on the hydrogen-bomb question. With Johnson and Lilienthal directly opposed to one another, Acheson eventually shaped a "compromise" recommendation that America go ahead with the bomb program but only to determine its technical feasibility and not to produce it as a weapon, a distinction that never meant much and that was soon swept away in favor of the Defense Department's request for "all-out delivery of hydrogen bombs."

And, finally, there was the impulse to harness the bomb's power in the name of absolute American purity or, as McMahon put it, to possess the bomb's "total power" in order to confront Russia's "total evil." Here possession of the bomb becomes linked with patterns of what I have elsewhere called "ideological totalism," stemming from chauvinistic forces throughout the American body politic; not only did President Truman feel these pressures keenly in making his decision, but one suspects that he himself was not entirely immune from such totalism.

What Moss does not say is that all of these "reasons" for making the hydrogen bomb were manifestations of a malignant twentieth-century aberration best termed "nuclearism." Nuclearism involves the passionate embrace of these weapons as a solution to our anxieties, a quest for ultimate power, and especially power over the nuclear death that haunts us, through possession of the agent of that death. Nuclearism is perhaps the ultimate expression of psychological distortion in our relationship to technology. It is not so much the question of man playing God, as Moss's title suggests, as of man creating a thing he then worships as God.

Reading through Moss's fair-minded account, one is appalled by the primitive level of thought about the hydrogen bomb in official American circles. There were notable exceptions: the views of Lilienthal mentioned earlier; Oppenheimer's worry "that this thing appears to have caught the imagination of both the congressional and the military people as *the* answer to the problem posed by the Russian advance" (Oppenheimer was here struggling to move away from whatever nuclearism was contained in his earlier position concerning the atomic bomb, and the shift was a very important factor in his later personal inquisition); and George Kennan's wise plea that we direct our attention to America's staggering international problems rather than seek escape from these problems through new instruments of destruction. Would that Kennan had similar wisdom in his more recent exchanges with student rebels. But in general one is struck by the terrible gap between technology and moral imagination, prevaling then as now, together with the paucity of effort —other than that of the people mentioned and of a few other nuclear scientists—in the direction of moral suasion and national education concerning a problem unprecedented not only in its dimensions but in its complexities.

At the beginning of his book Moss quotes a conversational exchange from C. P. Snow's novel *The New Men*: "Sometimes, events get too big for people." "But we've got to act as if they are not." One can hardly question the first part of the quotation. As for the second, men would do better to

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

TITLES IN DISGUISE

Richard E. Turner of Glassboro, N.J., has paraphrased the titles of works by fifteen authors. Can you restore the former and assign the right one to each of the latter? Answers on page 32.

1. *No Hope of Eden* ( ) a. Austen
2. *Gramineous Blades* ( ) b. Bennett
3. *Verdant Villas* ( ) c. Buck
4. *The Soil Is Barren* ( ) d. Conrad
5. *The Soil Behaves* ( ) e. Darwin
6. *Master of Diptera* ( ) f. Dickens
7. *So Long, Limbs* ( ) g. Eliot
8. *Conjuror's Peak* ( ) h. Faulkner
9. *Hubris and Bigotry* ( ) i. Fielding
10. *The Unlit Core* ( ) j. Galsworthy
11. *The Desolate Dwelling* ( ) k. Golding
12. *Summer's Brightness* ( ) l. Hemingway
13. *Jack Untamed* ( ) m. Hudson
14. *Of Human Lineage* ( ) n. Mann
15. *The Crones' Narrative* ( ) o. Milton
16. *Real-Estate Chap* ( ) p. Whitman

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cease their make-believe and begin to undergo the very demanding forms of radical exploration of mind, technology, and institutions that could render all of these slightly more adequate to unprecedented events. These things are not without consequences. Moss is appropriately cautious about estimating the effect of the American decision upon Soviet policy, but had the United States made the opposite decision, and said so publicly, there is at least the possibility that arrangements could have been made with the USSR, and later with other countries as well, for a world without hydrogen bombs.

Something more must be said about Moss's relationship to his subject, because this too sheds light upon the general problem. I was warmed by his early declaration of a human-centered focus: "I have tried to see the hydrogen bomb always in relationship to people, approaching it from one or another direction, fitting it into their different perspectives and roles." Anyone who has read even a portion of the dehumanized literature on the subject knows how rare, and how essential, such a focus is. And yet it too can be a trap. For in the realm of technological weaponry perhaps more than any other, reasonably decent and charming men can embody the most malignant policies. By stressing the humanity of these men without placing equal stress upon the consequences of their views, Moss loses a certain amount of ethical clarity and, paradoxically, undermines the very human-centeredness he seeks.

Not that Moss lacks moral sensibility; to the contrary, one feels throughout the work his dedication to his task and his depth of personal concern. The problem is more one of insufficiently critical empathy, especially in relationship to "defense intellectuals" and their advocacy of nuclear realism. For instance, Moss makes the wise statement that "Rand [Corporation] men were to learn to encompass the thermonuclear bomb, *if not in their imaginations, at any rate in their calculations,* and to teach governments to do the same" (italics mine)—but he then fails to pursue the significance of neglecting that crucial distinction. Precisely that issue has been explored by Philip Green in his book, *Deadly Logic: The Theory of Nuclear Deterrence*; what Green finds "deadly" (and he uses the word in its literal meaning) is the "instrumental rationality" of deterrence theorists and their "pseudo-science of strategic analysis." That is, Green pinpoints the intellectual lapses of defense intellectuals associated with ahuman scientism. Moss curiously ignores Green's book, though I think he would have found it sympathetic and would have profited in his own work from it.

If one is to mention the interesting fact of Edward Teller's early opposition to the dropping of the atomic bomb, or his musical inclinations, or his genuine love for physics, or if one is to note the ebullient enthusiasms and eclectic intelligence of Herman Kahn, then, in my view, one has the obligation to place these in the perspective of the pernicious public stances to which both men have been prone. Moss does stress Teller's "nuclear obsession," but his attribution of this obsession to an "optimistic faith in the [scientific] values of the Enlightenment" does not begin to penetrate either the nature or the extremity of Teller's nuclearism. Nor does it account for Teller's talent for mobilizing muted tendencies toward nuclearism in others in a way that, if unchecked, could contribute substantially to the destruction of human civilization.

Similarly, it is not quite clear whether Moss recognizes the crudity of Kahn's psychology in advocating widespread distribution of radiation meters for post-attack use ("Assume . . . that a man gets sick from causes other than radiation. Not believing this, his morale begins to drop. You look at his meter and say, 'You have only received ten roentgens, why are you vomiting? Pull yourself together and get to work.' ") — or that Moss sees the mechanistic fallacy contained in such thought. Concerning Kahn's equally crude political judgments — for instance, his defense of our Vietnam policy, *particularly* because we ourselves had installed a public government in Saigon ("I would have thought we had more of an obligation to support it, if we put it into power")—the only adjectives Moss uses are "original and provocative." Further, he does not seem to recognize either the moral impoverishment or black humor of Kahn's advocacy of "shoot[ing] the next ten [South] Vietnamese officers who torture prisoners" as a means of bringing an end to that practice. More serious in this particular book is Moss's failure to bring some critical force to bear upon Kahn's statement, before a Congressional Subcommittee in 1959, that following a nuclear attack on America, "For the next ten or fifteen years, and

(*Continued on page* 30)

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Twenty-five Issues

I AGREE WHOLEHEARTEDLY with Daniel J. Boorstin's essay review of *The Annals of America* [*SR*, Aug. 9].

I, for one, will welcome the time when the many modern historians relinquish their personal opinions and the shrillness of their social preaching for the objectivity of evaluating the past for solutions and perspectives applicable in the present and to the future.

ALAN R. BEBER,
Zion, Ill.

I AM PUZZLED by Mr. Boorstin's attack on the *Annals*'s attempt to make our American heritage relevant to our present state. For in Mr. Boorstin's own introduction to *An American Primer* is the following statement, which could serve equally as an introduction to the *Annals*: "This is a book of Citizen's History. Our American past always speaks to us with two voices: the voice of the past, and the voice of the present. We are always asking two quite different questions. Historians reading the words of John Winthrop usually ask, 'What did they mean to him?' Citizens ask, 'What do they mean to us?' Historians are trained to seek the original meaning; all of us want to know the present meaning. These are two quite different quests which often get in each other's way. This book aims to bring the historian to the aid of the citizen, to vivify our sense of our past and remind us how we keep our traditions alive."

My puzzlement over the point of Mr. Boorstin's article was further increased by my recollection of the statement by David Glixon in *SR*'s Semi-Annual Reference Book Roundup May 17 that "this will probably turn out to be the most significant reference work of the year, and one of continuing usefulness."

JOHN N. DEELY,
Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR felt that "The Annals of America" should be evaluated by a historian as well as a generalist.*

TWENTY-FIVE CHEERS for you, Daniel Boorstin! I shall risk dogmatic superlatives in gratitude for your superior service as a reviewer. I'm neither a purist nor a Puritan, but I, personally, will not even peruse let alone purchase a single *Annal*.

MARTHA ROGERS,
Minneapolis, Minn.

THE ESSAY REVIEW of the *Annals* should have been called "Boorstin's Bawl"; my ears still ring from his shrieking.

As one of the dolts who happily purchased *Annals* (at half the price quoted by Mr. B.) I am, frankly, curious about what sort of blood condition caused his emotional tirade.

His penchant for a larger index could be attributed to his museum conditioning. More complete coverage of issues and people would, of course, make *Annals* more valuable, and this no doubt will be accomplished in subsequent editions.

What seriously concerns me is that *SR* would consider this to be an objective and responsible review.

R. K. JACKSON,
Medway, Mass.

REVIEWS SUCH AS DANIEL BOORSTIN'S convince me to keep my subscription active. His implied premise for the writing of history—that events exist independently of our perception or "re-evaluation" of them—could well be applied to any discipline or human venture.

DAN MILLER,
St. Paul, Minn.

Facts, Not Twists

I APPRECIATE Mr. William Bittner's pleasant tribute to my anthological geiger-counting "in finding true quality a generation ahead of popular taste" (Book Forum, Aug. 9). But I am discomfited by his charge that I have twisted facts about Hart Crane in my essay-review. The facts, not twists, are in John Unterecker's *Voyager*, a carefully researched biography of Crane. Mr. Bittner avers that Crane had published poems before he appeared in the *Dial*. Granted. But, following Professor Unterecker's statement that Crane was, for the first time in his life, paid for a poem ("all of ten dollars") I felt justified in referring to that publication as his "debut as a professional poet."

Objecting to the poem's "faint echoes of Wallace Stevens," Mr. Bittner doubts if at that time anyone had heard of Stevens. Crane was an avid reader of contemporary poetry, and there is no doubt that Crane had more than "heard of" Stevens. At the very time questioned by Mr. Bittner, Crane was writing to Gorham Munson: "Have you given the poems of Wallace Stevens in the Oct. *Poetry* any attention? There is a man whose work makes most of the rest of us quail!"

Before Mr. Bittner turns up other "misstatements" he should read Unterecker's book, not merely my account of it.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER,
Newtown, Conn,

Perception

BILL MOYERS'S REVIEW of *The Making of the President 1968*, by Theodore H. White [*SR*, Aug. 9], is probably more perceptive than the book itself. I have read all of White's Presidential "tell all" books except the last, and have no intentions of buying that one, literally and figuratively speaking. I've had it.

What all 459 pages add up to is another great political whitewash with the usual sickening biased jargon and pious patriotic rhetoric and supposedly revealing wheeling and dealing. So what!

SHIRLEY WOLF,
Los Angeles, Calif.

IT IS ALMOST INCREDIBLE that Bill Moyers can write a long and fairly perceptive review of Theodore White's book without even mentioning Robert Kennedy, let alone his campaign. To overlook Kennedy's life and death in 1968 is to ignore the strange combination of triumph and tragedy which has haunted all Americans during the Sixties, and again in the election of 1968.

Whatever was in his mind, to make such a serious error of omission in an essay which sandbags Mr. White for *his* errors of omission is almost as bad as reviewing the War of 1812 without mentioning the date. It can be done, but the writer's slip would surely show, especially if he is a newspaper publisher and a former member of the Johnson Administration. Credibility gap, anyone?

THOMAS E. CASSIDY,
Kings Park, N.Y.

BILL MOYERS HAS DONE US a service with his candid, hard-driving essay review.

At seventy-seven myself, I can now begin to grasp what our youth mean when they say they can't trust anyone's opinion if he's over thirty.

GEORGE D. OLDS,
Easton, Md.

Elusive Byline

BEFORE I READ OPINION, I like to know whose opinion it is. This is particularly true where part of the article is written in the first person.

Thus I find your new style of book reviews quite annoying. I continuously have to leaf a page ahead to find out who the author is, then turn back. This got even more ridiculous in *SR* Aug. 2 in the review of *The Warren Court*. This started on page 21. I had to turn to page 22 ("In this reviewer's opinion . . ." Who dat?), then go to page 30, finally learn the secret of who wrote the review, then find my way back to page 22 to read what he had to say. Absurd!

ROBERT WANDERER,
San Francisco, Calif.

Wanted: Synopses

I HEARTILY SECOND the motion for return to captions at the beginning of book reviews. *Please*!

DOROTHY HECKEL,
New York, N.Y.

WITHOUT THE brief words before the reviews I get through *SR* much faster! *Because* I am not *intrigued*—and don't *read* the reviews at all! You are driving me mad. Get back in gear, please.

JANET A. THOMAS,
Harrisburg, Pa.

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Personal History

JESUS REDISCOVERED

by Malcolm Muggeridge
Doubleday, 217 pp., $5.95

I HAVE AN AVERSION to garrulous old men. Whenever one of them totters toward me, I get nervous. If he begins to reminisce about his boyhood, I glance toward the exit. And if he wants to talk about God, I panic. And here, his finger already stabbing the air, comes Mr. Muggeridge. He is every inch the peevish, wheezing old lecher, or converted former lecher of my aversion. In fact, he rather relishes that role. He is his own favorite conversation subject, and he has some very definite, if not strikingly original, notions about religion that he wants to share.

Yet somehow, when Malcolm Muggeridge talks, I listen. Not that I *like* what he says. Most of it I do not. But even when his musings become maudlin or repetitious, which they do, they remain intriguing. Muggeridge is the living personification of an unavoidable archetype: the curmudgeon.

At sixty-five, having (he says) given up tobacco, sex, and alcohol, Mr. Muggeridge wants to talk—and talk he does. He has rediscovered Jesus, in part during a BBC television special he made in the Holy Land. He now considers himself a Christian, albeit an unorthodox and anti-church one. And although his colleagues tap their foreheads about him, he sticks stubbornly by his apologia and credo.

His book is Muggeridge on Muggeridge and only incidentally concerned with Jesus Christ. It brings together an assortment of speeches, interviews, articles, and the commentaries that went with the BBC-TV series on the Holy Land. After having read this rather uneven amalgam of exhortations, recollections and epithets, I can confidently assure worried admirers of the pre-Holy Land Muggeridge that his rediscovery of Jesus has not really converted him much. He is as mean as ever. Nor has his new spirituality in any way softened his capacity for polemic. When he turns on the people and things he doesn't like (and there are lots of them) his prose is as pointed as ever. So Dr. Christiaan Barnard, campus hippies, Harold Wilson, Pope John XXIII, the Marxist-Christian dialogue, social action priests, birth control pills, TV, peace marchers, and liberal bishops all feel the lash. Whatever else his pilgrimage to the Via Dolorosa might have done for Muggeridge, it did not inspire him to love any enemies. Only now his scathings are issued with religious gusto. All this makes for entertaining reading, if hardly of a devotional nature.

Those who have little stomach for theology or systematic thinking about things religious can relax: none of that in this book. Muggeridge also has no patience with it. In fact, though the grimaces and gestures are fascinating, it is sometimes a bit taxing to find out just what he *is* saying. He despises religious leaders who " . . . sympathize with, when they do not actually countenance every attack" on Christianity's "doctrines, integrity, and traditional practices." And he applauds the great standpatter, Pope Paul VI, for trying to hold the line against change in the Catholic Church. Yet Muggeridge confesses himself to be a most unorthodox Christian (aren't we all?) and posts as his personal religious heroes Pascal, Kierkegaard, Tolstoy, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, and Simone Weil—all people who were certainly critics either of the church's doctrines or its traditional practices or both, and any one of whom would have risked reprimand if not excommunication from Pope Paul VI.

On one page Muggeridge declares contemptuously that Plain Song, like revivalist eloquence and intoned prayers is an obstacle to faith and can be relied on "to keep God away." Later he confesses he rather likes Plain Song as one of the things he admires about the Catholic Church. In one chapter he can avidly eulogize Bonhoeffer, and a few chapters later fulminate vigorously against Bonhoeffer's idea of "the world come of age" (Muggeridge devotes a whole "sermon" to refuting it).

But some things do come through clearly. Alas, Mr. Muggeridge's version of the Christian religion, though refreshingly deviant at some points, coheres all too well in its central assertion with that of Dr. Billy Graham. Like Billy, Muggeridge sternly warns us against mixing religion with politics, deprecates those who believe the Kingdom of God has anything to do with our transient terrestrial turmoil, and assures us that " . . . from the cross comes the notion of individual salvation, of individual souls journeying through life like Bunyan's Pilgrim, . . . all buoyed up by the expectation of deliverance through death from the demands and imperfections of this fleshly existence." Echoes of the Garden. Though, like Billy, Malcolm Muggeridge eschews any knowledge of or interest in theology, he cannot help getting a whack in occasionally. He should avoid the temptation because it usually sounds like this:

> *Living thus in the twilight of a spent* civilization, amidst its ludicrous and frightening shadows, what is there to believe? Curiously enough, these twilight circumstances provide a setting in which, as it seems to me, the purpose that lies behind them stands out with particular clarity. As human love only shines in all its splendor when the last tiny glimmer of desire has been extinguished, so we have to make the world a wilderness to find God in it. The meaning of the universe lies beyond history, as love lies beyond desire.

Whatever religion Muggeridge may

"Actually, I rather like it—hides his acne."

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be talking about in this uncharacteristically purple passage, it is certainly not Christianity, a faith that shoves the meaning of the universe into the very texture of human history, in the life of the very man Muggeridge thinks he has rediscovered.

Sadly, Mr. Muggeridge's discovery of Jesus has not given him much joy. A fog of pessimism, even of fatalism hangs over these pages. The curtain always comes down, he complains, "only to rise again on the same scenery and the same players." He feels tricked by an ineluctable destiny, and welcomes death as a deliverance. He admires Kierkegaard because somber Soren " . . . wrests despair from the idiot jaws of hope," and " . . . turns us away from the frantic voice of history and all its hopes and desires in search of other, fairer, and more enduring vistas."

But Muggeridge's sickness is not quite unto death. He is still a master essayist. His description of the crucifixion, comparing it to British colonial soldiers executing an obscure Indian sadhu, is brilliant. So are his vivid sketches of incidents from Jesus' ministry. However, the best parts of the book for me were those chapters that Muggeridge devotes unabashedly to Muggeridge. One is a real interview, the other a constructed one in which Muggeridge interrogates himself. In these sections we are not only treated to an element of wry self-parody (sadly missing from the rest of the book), but we also get some fascinating glimpses of the author's boyhood as the son of a Fabian Socialist growing up in Croydon before World War I.

When Muggeridge is finished we know we've heard from a lively, opinionated, and cantankerous old man. It's been enjoyable, if annoying. But so what? Other elderly men have demonstrated that you don't *have* to get dour, ascetic, and reactionary in your dotage. The old men I rely on to prove this include A. J. Mussle, Nikos Kazantzakis, and Josef Hromadka. Muggeridge's book is not very generous. It is ill-tempered and cranky. It is lacking in love, short on hope, and almost completely devoid of charity. The Jesus he has rediscovered is not one I want to follow. Yet Muggeridge himself remains an irresistible old codger. He has not, thank God, "grown old gracefully." He is more stubborn and eccentric than ever. And this book is more about him than about Jesus. So if you can stand him for a few hours, it's worth the effort.

Harvey Cox

The next book by Harvey Cox, author of "The Secular City," will be " The Feast of Fools."

THESE WERE THE HOURS: Memories of My Hours Press Réanville and Paris 1928-1931

by Nancy Cunard

Southern Illinois Press, 216 pp., $7

ON A BLEAK MARCH DAY in 1965 a handful of Nancy Cunard's friends gathered at Père Lachaise Cemetery in Paris to attend the placing of an urn containing her ashes in an unmarked vault. Daphne Fielding, in her recent biography, *Those Remarkable Cunards: Emerald and Nancy*, wrote of the event as "the sad, lonely farewell to a toast of the Twenties." Thus, after sixty-nine years, the ebullient, productive, increasingly tempestuous life of a once-Golden Girl was over; but her role as a special kind of artistic entrepreneur will undoubtedly survive in the endless literary minings of Paris in the Twenties and Thirties. She also survives as sculpted by Brancusi, photographed by Man Ray, and transmuted into Iris March of *The Green Hat*.

In his appreciative and punctiliously formal foreword to *These Were the Hours*, Professor Hugh Ford quotes William Carlos Williams as observing, "Out of passion, to defeat its domination [Nancy] . . . kept herself burned to the bone." However, both in manner and matter Miss Cunard's memoir gives only a between-the-lines sense of a lady who was for burning—who trailed some meteoric streaks across her particular segment of sky. Seldom, one imagines, has a living legend been self-inscribed so impersonally.

In essence this brief book, completed shortly before her death, focuses on Nancy Cunard's adventures as the founder and operator of the Hours Press during the years 1928-31—first from an old Normandy farmhouse, then from a shop in Paris. The enterprise was devoted to producing exquisitely designed avant-garde works printed on an ancient Belgian handpress, which the entranced proprietress learned to operate from a skilled, dour French printer.

A rebel against her titled British background, and particularly against her mother, Lady Cunard (Emerald), Nancy had settled in Paris in 1922. Vibrant and literarily gifted, she was drawn into the exploding center of surrealist writers and painters—and, as Professor Ford so discreetly puts it, "with several, notably Louis Aragon, René Creval, and Tristan Tzara, her ties became personal as well as intellectual." However, the twenty-four books painstakingly turned out by the Hours Press were, with two exceptions, works of English, Irish and American writers—among them, Norman

Eugene MacCown's portrait of Nancy Cunard, 1923—"a once-Golden Girl."

Douglas, George Moore, Roy Campbell, Robert Graves, Laura Riding, Ezra Pound (Miss Cunard's was the first one-volume edition of *XXX Cantos*), and Samuel Beckett, a Cunard "discovery."

Miss Cunard's fascination with the intricacies of type-setting by hand, the esthetics of design and other challenges raised by her highly creative publishing goals won't exactly mesmerize the lay-reader. But her series of pen-portraits of the great and the near-great whom she published will inevitably interest anyone already mesmerized by that almost mythic era whose catalytic *avant-gardisme* is reflected in these recollections. As to the almost mythic Nancy herself, here she remains a tantalizingly self-effacing raconteur; in speaking of the Spanish Civil War, for instance, she never mentions her participation as a Loyalist-attached correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian*. One must also turn elsewhere to learn of her passionate commitments to persons and events. In her way, the lady shed her own clearly visible light among the larger, stronger lights of a not-so-lost generation.

Patricia MacManus

Patricia MacManus, a free-lance critic, has vast acquaintance in the literary world as a result of her work with various publishing houses.

Coming September 13
SR's Fall Travel Issue

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Marine History

THE MAIDEN VOYAGE

by Geoffrey Marcus

Viking, 320 pp., $8.95

ANY HISTORIAN WHO TACKLES the *Titanic* tragedy faces a problem. He cannot simply separate legend from fact; the "unsinkable" *Titanic* was built to be a legend, and this was the central fact that led to her death. The trivia, the conceits, the illusions of the Gilded Age are a part of the story; they can't be ignored, and many writers have been swamped by them.

Not so British naval expert Geoffrey Marcus, who has selected his material with evident thought and kept it under careful control. *The Maiden Voyage* matches attitudes and events with unusual clarity; it details the trivia, the conceits and the illusions and shows how they conspired to take the lives of 1,500 men, women and children. "The *causa causans*," Marcus writes, "may be said to have been the influence of great wealth on the North Atlantic traffic. The *Titanic* was essentially an appeal to the class, growing larger every year, which had more money than it knew what to do with. . . . It was the ever-increasing demand for first-class accommodation of the most spacious and costly character imaginable that led to the construction of these enormous, fast, luxurious liners which were traveling Grand Hotels."

The wealthy members of the steamer set, commuting between New York and Paris, demanded service and got it. The great luxury liners sliced in the night through ice fields at top speed to arrive literally on the scheduled moment. There was an army of stewards, valets and maids on the *Titanic*, but not one spare crew member to carry an urgent ice warning from the radio room to the bridge. The *Titanic* had Turkish baths and trellised verandas, but not enough lifeboats for more than half the people aboard. The pantries were stocked with fine wines, but the binoculars were missing from the masthead, where the lookouts scanned the sea for icebergs. These practices were justified by that word "unsinkable"; it was no mere blurb, but more in the nature of a guarantee that no act of God would annoy the élite.

Marcus devotes six chapters to an extremely comprehensive report—the best we have seen yet—on the various investigations. The euphoria lingered, it seems, even after the *Titanic* rammed an iceberg and went down. The British Board of Trade declared, in effect, that maintaining speed through the ice fields had not proved hazardous in the past, so the captain of the *Titanic* could hardly be censured for doing so. In retrospect, this appears less of a whitewash than a numb acceptance of prevailing values. The only alternative would have been to blame an entire society. The British Court of Appeals was more realistic, however; it held in a subsequent opinion that the tragedy was "neither unforeseen nor unforeseeable." In cold fact, the North Atlantic sea lanes were overdue for a disaster, and Marcus has dug out several stories of "near misses" between ship and iceberg, as well as between ship and ship. It was not unusual for the great steel bows, knifing through the mist or the dark, to cut a fishing boat in half. A bitter indictment of this callous schedule-keeping had been written into a best-seller sixteen years previously — Rudyard Kipling's *Captains Courageous.*

The Maiden Voyage also offers the best account yet given of the role played by the Marconi wireless system. The 706 people who did survive owed their lives mainly to radio and the *Titanic*'s two operators. It was their distress call that brought the liner *Carpathia* racing to the scene, too late to rescue swimmers but in time to pick up survivors in the lifeboats. The book includes photographs of the Marconi equipment and a good deal of interesting detail about the training and lives of the operators.

One can gain from *The Maiden Voyage* an understanding of the grip that the *Titanic* affair has held on people's imagination through a half century replete with tragedies. It was then—it still is—a symbol of presumption, of self-deception, of the vast inequalities of the Edwardian era. In his own summing up, the author returns to the original *Titanic* legend. "Notwithstanding her immense proportions and luxurious appointments — her restaurants, her 'millionaire' suites, her electric lifts, her Turkish baths, her squash court, her trellised verandas and the rest—the *Titanic* was still a ship. Every link in the chain of circumstances which had led up to her destruction was attributable, in one way or another, to disregard of this fact."

Allen R. Dodd

A former foreign correspondent, Allen R. Dodd is a magazine writer with an interest in marine and aviation history.

A COLD CORNER OF HELL

by Robert Carse

Doubleday, 268 pp., $6.95

FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS in the rainy fall of 1944 this correspondent happened to be aboard *HMS Rodney*, one of the last great battleships afloat. *Rodney*'s wartime patrol took her out into the somber North Sea, and for a time she saw duty guarding one of the enormous convoys moving painfully through vicious Arctic seas to Murmansk to supply the desperate and courageous Russians. I have never seen dirtier water, felt more uncomfortable about the possibilities of returning safely to land, nor hated an assignment as much as that on the *Rodney*, so perhaps I read *A Cold Corner of Hell*, the story of the Murmansk convoys from 1941 to 1945, with more than passing interest.

Vice Admiral Rüge, specialist in German naval affairs, wrote after the war that between August 1944 and April 1945 the 250 or so ships on the Arctic run carried more than a million tons of war matériel to Russia. He goes on: "These weapons, equipment and vehicles allowed the Russians to equip a further sixty motorized divisions which gave them not only numerical but matériel superiority at focal points of battle. Thus, Anglo-American sea power exerted a decisive influence on the land operations in Eastern Europe." No one could better clarify the importance of this risky sea operation, conducted from beginning to end in ice and fog.

The Murmansk run stayed dangerous throughout the war and as late as April of 1945, just before Hitler's capitulation, twelve ships were lost, one of them the American *Henry Bacon*, homeward bound from Murmansk with twenty Norwegian women and children refugees aboard. Over the 1941-1945 period the men who made it to Murmansk by sea delivered 16,529,791 tons of cargo, but they paid for it dearly—829 lives were lost among the crews of the ninety-eight ships that went down in the icy waters.

Robert Carse does not write in the limpid style of Bruce Catton or the lovely rhythms of Barbara Tuchman for he is a seafaring historian with a love for stark sentence structure and simple, factual phrasing. This new book of his is a very masculine work, written in lean male terms, and I recommend it without reservation to any man who has ever had naval-war service, particularly North European.

Richard L. Tobin

Richard L. Tobin is associate publisher of Saturday Review.

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Frieda Arkin—compassionate.

Fiction

THE DORP

by Frieda Arkin
Dial, 360 pp., $6.95

FRIEDA ARKIN'S FIRST NOVEL is dedicated to Thornton Wilder. Raising the curtain on Kuyler's Dorp, an upstate New York farming village, population 3,000, she nods respectfully to a fraternal presence in the wings, the stage manager of *Our Town.* Troublesome visions arise; the times are unsuited to mourning our lost innocence. A whiff of rifle smoke lingers in the pure air of our rural backwaters, the herald of tear gas and napalm. In the rich soil crops draw nourishment from the bones of those good, dead Indians. Fortunately, Miss Arkin runs up no flags. Her effects are not calculated for patriotic lumps in the throat. She roams the Dorp, as it's colloquially known, as she would explore a museum, rich in specimens (somewhat bemused, it's true, for all her photographic eye and tape-recorder ear) to garner an arbitrary selection of human foibles, quirks and crotchets. Her quarry is the endearing eccentricity that, in legend at least, comes to fullest ripening in the climate of the small town.

In *The Dorp* small forces collide quietly. The book is unenlivened by or focused on a central drama. The community is simply a setting; its social and political fabric is glimpsed only indirectly through a succession of interlocking episodes in which characters are mutations of a familiar provincial cast. Meet J. C. Barrows, for instance, editor of the town paper, and, as might be expected, a venerable purveyor of homely wisdom. The dread of death makes him averse to sleep and sends him walking of nights through the country lanes. His chess companion, Vebber Stevens, raises pigs, plays Mozart records, and amuses himself compiling a handbook for hypochondriacs. A Dutch-ancestor-worshiping old woman, a spinster of course, rattles in and out of people's houses, unsettling them like a draft of sharp air. They call her crazy, but it's the old question: who's loony? Her sport is mockery of the young zealot Methodist minister for his solemn self-important faith in his flock's desire to be saved. She harries him with relentless logic.

Life is placid for the secure old-timers, hugging their memories in ancient houses. The young are restless with sexual tension heightened by the cultural isolation and religious beliefs of parents whose blood is more often Italian, Irish or Scandinavian than English or Dutch. The motels along the highway make good trysting places outside the town, but they are never beyond the reach of the gossips' antennae. Little Faith Borgstrom exults in any man's embrace. Only meanness, she thinks, could call such pleasure evil, as she watches her Fundamentalist mother scrub all day long to rid the house of dirt, sin's visible equivalent. Her adolescent brother is seduced into shy experiments conducted prophetically in a mausoleum in the town cemetery. He succumbs to guilt and puts a rope round his neck. Then there's Elizabeth Rust, blooming at forty, who loves two men at the same time with a clear conscience, her gentle husband and the knockabout brother of the Dorp's female drunk.

Synopsis is rough on these situations and coarsens their texture. Miss Arkin treats them with delicacy and cool compassion, yet the substance of her concerns never manages to justify her loving labors. A motorist, we are told, usually lands in Kuyler's Dorp by error, the result of making a wrong turn off Route 3 (beneath whose surface is crushed the remains of an Algonquin settlement). The novelist arrives there purposefully following the map of regional literary tourism. Yet in choosing to leave the main road, it seems she, too, makes a mistake in judgment. A sense of time lag dwindles these parochial scandals, small hypocrisies and puny wrestlings with change. For all her virtuosity they refuse to take on consequence. The needle-pointed landscape's charm palls quickly; soon, like a bored summer visitor, one itches to get back to "reality." Perhaps it is the face of chaos we miss, our companion for so long now. As Mary McCarthy put it in an essay on the novel: "... who cares any more what happens in Highbury or the Province of O—?" The news is somewhere else.

Muriel Haynes

Muriel Haynes frequently criticizes fiction for Saturday Review.

ELISE, OR THE REAL LIFE

by Claire Etcherelli, translated from the French by June P. Wilson
Morrow, 286 pp., $5.95

ELISE AND LUCIEN, the provincial brother and sister who come to Paris in search of "the real life," used to tease each other with this song:

> Hanz de Tchloquenoque goes where
> he wants
> And where he goes he doesn't stay
> And where he stays he doesn't like.

In the dull days of their youth, Elise drew such pleasure as she knew from religious faith and formed a taste "for flowers, embroidered clothes, pale faces and an upright soul." Her younger brother had two passions: his roller skates and his friendship with an ambitious older boy.

Years pass, and Lucien, now twenty-two, escapes to Paris, abandoning his sickly young wife and baby in order, as he writes his sister ecstatically, "to join the real fighters, share the inhuman life of factory workers." Elise soon joins him, laughing as she boards a train for the first time in her twenty-eight years. "Now the real life could not fail to begin."

It is the Paris of the mid-1950s, and

Claire Etcherelli—graceful.

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the Algerian war is at its worst. Elise and Lucien find grueling jobs in an automobile factory, where Lucien quickly acquires a reputation as an agitator, pasting up anti-war slogans at night. Elise falls in love with an Algerian coworker, Arezki.

In no time it all comes to an end. Lucien, ill from overwork, is accidentally killed as he speeds from the hospital to a workers' demonstration on a stolen motor scooter. The police seize Arezki, and no one can discover whether he is alive or dead. The real life, for Elise, has lasted exactly nine months.

Claire Etcherelli's novel, described on the book jacket as being in large part autobiographical, was awarded the important Prix Femina. Yet in the context of the 1960s the young people she describes seem like rebels of another age, and the Algerian war as remote as the French Revolution. Elise and Arezki are touching, but in a dim and distant way, like an old photograph. Although all they talk about is "the real life" they themselves are never real.

The central theme, a love affair between people of different color, is hardly revolutionary in these days, and the author doesn't touch the core of the relationship: most of the time the lovers' most serious problem appears to be that people occasionally stare at them in cafés. Miss Etcherelli's style is graceful and delicate but lacks toughness. She's not very good at dialogue (unless the translation is to blame); much better is the inner monologue that comprises most of the book. But even though her characters are like people seen through a light rain, they do constantly try to come alive; perhaps they aren't meant to succeed.

"What was the power we lacked?" thinks Elise at the end of her brief adventure. She and Lucien held the right convictions, but that didn't alter their lives. Victory always goes to stronger people, those to whom "the real life" isn't an ideal but a fact so obvious one doesn't have to think about it.

Simone de Beauvoir, another bleakly humorless female writer, has called this "a real book, a complete book, an admirable and tragic story of love . . ." While it is not that, it is a promising step by a young writer who may well go on to reveal to herself and to us much more about the real life than she has in this novel.

Dorrie Pagones

Dorrie Pagones studied comparative literature in Europe some years ago under a Fulbright grant.

THE CAMPERLEA GIRLS

by Olivia Manning

Coward-McCann, 184 pp., $4.95

LAST NIGHT, FIDDLING HOPEFULLY with the dials of my ailing television set, I chanced upon a program in which a critic was badgering Jacqueline Susann (but don't feel sorry for her—she more than got her own back) as to *why* she wrote *The Love Machine.* "Do you think you are writing a work of art, or do you know that you are writing trash for money?" As if such questions can be posed as either/or. Yet after finishing a novel (better call it novella or extended short story) like *The Camperlea Girls,* one wonders *why* it was written. Not that the book is trash, for it is intelligent and eschews smut, but the story seems to hint so often at being something more than an unemotional presentation of a series of unrelated incidents in the lives of some unremarkable young people.

Two girls who live in a provincial English seacoast town become friends. Laura, at fifteen, is the youngest in her class at school. She earns the best grades, comes from a disappointed family of modest means, fears she is plain and unattractive. Laura worships sixteen-year-old Vicky, a beautiful, languorous girl, the pet of well-to-do, doting parents. The unequal friendship develops almost by chance, enlarging Laura's startlingly restricted world. (One of the flaws of this novel is that the reader is not certain whether the confining life Laura has been permitted to live is presented as a special case, or whether it is considered in some way typical of the manner in which the daughters of the lower middle class are brought up in small British towns. Certainly, if the tale were told about a girl from Stonington, Maine, rather than one from a town near Portsmouth, England, it would not be credible.) Laura aspires to reach beyond her limited circuit, while Vicky seems content to be beautiful, to smile kindly but vaguely, to move along in indolent placidity.

Their eventless lives are punctuated when the two girls meet a violent young workingman at a dance, and it is their growing involvement with him that dominates the second half of this story. Unattractive, inarticulate, filled with rage, the young man becomes increasingly important to Vicky because with him she can at least "feel something." The story ends abruptly, with no tying up of plot lines, no significance implied, no hint as to where Laura goes from here.

The novel is reasonably absorbing, yet the truncated ending leaves one with the same unsatisfied feeling as a dinner without dessert or coffee. If we must stop before the end, at least let us know why we are dieting.

Cecile Shapiro

Cecile Shapiro, a former college English teacher and editor, is now a freelance writer and critic.

"Forget the bubble, bubble bit and help me with the wash."

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Belles-Lettres

PRE-COLUMBIAN LITERATURES OF MEXICO

by Miguel León-Portilla, translated from the Spanish by Grace Lobanov and the author
Oklahoma, 191 pp., $5.95

THIS IS A BASIC, indispensable introduction to a realm hitherto accessible to English-speaking readers only through occasional quotations in books of history or archeology. The pity is that it is not still more basic, for three things are lacking. First, *Pre-Columbian Literature of Mexico* has no introductory chapter summarizing the history of Mesoamerica, and of its overthrow and partial assimilation by Spain. Should the reader be expected to know, for example, that the rejected god Quetzalcóatl helped break down Montezuma's resistance to Cortés, or that the dominant war god Huitzilopochtli, by his incessant demand for human hearts, laid the Aztec empire wide open to conquest? These gods figure in the poems, but their key roles in the emergence of modern Mexico are not mentioned.

Secondly, less than a third of the poetry section of this exceedingly handsome book is devoted to the poems themselves. Since much of the commentary is academic and expendable, a considerably larger selection of poetry could have been included. Third, and most unfortunate, very little of the material translated emerges as poetry in English. Even without knowing the original, one feels constantly impelled to economize—to reduce, for instance, "It was the time/when the earth had just awakened./They did not know what would happen." to "It was the time/when the earth had awakened. /What next?"; or "come adhere to us!" to "close ranks!" or simply "join us!" A poet should have been brought in, at least as consultant.

This deficiency has always damaged

the translations of the longer pre-Columbian poems, such as the Yucatecan-Maya "Books of Chilam Balam" and the Quiché-Maya "Popol Vuh," rendered into English as predominantly catalogues and invocations of unpronounceable divinities; and the selections from them here are no exception: "Huracán, Chipi-Caculhá./ Raxa-Caculhá,/Tepeu, Gucumatz, the forefathers,/Ixpiyacoc, Ixmucane, the Creator and the Former."

Only the great autumnal poet-king of Tezcoco, Nezahualcóyotl, has a voice too piercingly direct to be diminished down the ages:

> They shall not wither, my flowers,
> they shall not cease, my songs.
> I, the singer, lift them up.
> They are scattered, they spread about.
> Even though on earth my flowers
> may wither and yellow,
> they will be carried there,
> to the innermost house
> of the bird with the golden feathers.

Or in that quatrain as triumphant and deathless as any in the Greek Anthology:

> My flowers will not come to an end,
> My songs will not come to an end,
> I, the singer, raise them up;
> they are scattered, they are
> bestowed . . .

Selden Rodman

Selden Rodman's latest book, "The "Mexico Traveler," includes a complete history of Mexico from pre-Columbian times to the present.

WIT TWISTER #128

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Two rain-drenched
— — — — — — reached the inn.
Its walls were cracked; the
— — — — — — were thin;
And since no — — — — — —
worked the land,
Its yard looked bare and out of hand.
"We had been — — — — — —
this wretched night,
"Had we not tried to
— — — — — — the Light,"
The elder — — — — — —;
"God's Will be done!"
By candle-light, the bookish one
— — — — — — phrases from his Latin text
And wondered what God might will next.

—Contributed by MRS. J. W. RUTTER.

(*Answer on page 34*)

Criminal Record

Fact

The Canaris Conspiracy: The Secret Resistance to Hitler in the German Army. *By Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel. Photographs. McKay. $5.95.* Three weeks to the day before Adolf Hitler took his own life in a Berlin bunker, Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, head of German military intelligence, and two fellow-conspirators were hanged at Flossenberg Concentration Camp. The assassination attempt thereby aborted had had its roots in the 1930s, coincident with Hitler's elevation to the chancellorship after the death of Hindenburg. How the plot developed is set forth absorbingly in this richly detailed, well-documented survey.

Fiction

The Venom Business. *By John Lange. World. $5.95.* Although this yarn is indubitably contemporary, a few pen-strokes would convert it into one of those picaresque performances that delighted seventeenth-century readers. The geography takes in Mexico, Paris, and London.

The Moonshine War. *By Elmore Leonard. Doubleday. $4.95.* The Eighteenth Amendment became effective on January 16, 1920, and the Twenty-first, repealing it, on December 5, 1933. Between those two dates was a great gulf filled with bootleg booze. Here, then, is a story in that era, and it is a corker. The setting is Kentucky.

The Adventures of Geoffrey Mildmay. *By Burke Wilkinson. Luce. $7.95.* This 875-page trilogy, a veritable broth of a book, is composed of swashbuckling espionage units that first delighted the public in 1948, 1950, and 1953—which will doubtless go down in history as the good old days.

Where Did the Girls Go? *By Michel Cousin. Translated from the French by Peter Leslie. Stein & Day. $4.95.* French youth seeks to establish his solvency by kidnapping a bevy of well-heeled beauties from a posh finishing school. This is largely a comic piece, *bien sûr*, and refreshingly different.

The Assassin Who Gave Up His Gun. *By E. V. Cunningham. Morrow. $4.95.* The chief character in (and narrator of) this deadly production is not so much concerned with assassination as with annihilation. Taut and effective.

The Deadly Isles. *By John Holbrook*

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The Winstons aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

There are Apaches on the reservation in Clear Fork, Arizona, who can remember the last, hopeless Apache uprising in 1900. But for Della Alakay, a seven-year-old Apache, the enemy is not the U.S. Cavalry.

She and her people are fighting another kind of war. This time the enemies are poverty, disease and despair. And for the first time in generations, there's a chance that the Apaches might win: thanks to the courageous efforts of her own people and other Americans like the Winstons.

Anne and Stan Winston and their two daughters live in a New York suburb 2,000 miles from the reservation. But it's another world. The Winstons live in a big, old house and complain about a big, new mortgage. Their girls have a closetful of clothes and "nothing to wear." They have bikes, skates, games, books, records and "nothing to do."

Della and her seven brothers and sisters have none of these problems. Her father spends as much time looking for work as he does working. Sanitary facilities are almost non-existent. Electricity has yet to reach them. Water is hauled by hand. Even the barest necessities are hard to come by.

Through Save The Children Federation, the Winstons are helping Della. The cost is $15.00 a month. It's not a lot of money, but certainly the Winstons could have thought of a lot of other things to do with it. Fortunately they thought of Della first.

To her, these funds make a remarkable difference. She no longer need feel embarrassed about not having shoes, a decent school dress, school supplies, or pocket money.

Some of the pressure, too, is off her parents, who can now begin thinking about making their home a little more livable. Also, and perhaps most important, part of the money is put into a fund from which the village can borrow to start self-help projects including better housing and a water system.

Already there is a new feeling of hope among the villagers and confidence in their ability to help themselves. Even little Della has volunteered to give some time each week to keep her school playground clean.

That really is what Save The Children is all about. Although contributions are deductible as a charity, the aim is not merely to buy one child a few hot meals or a warm coat. Instead, your contribution is used to give people a little boost to start helping themselves.

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Save The Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, and is a member of the International Union of Child Welfare. Financial statements and annual reports available on request.

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Vance. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.95. Does torture slaying of dancer in San Francisco hotel tie in with honeymoon festivities on Tahiti? And why should anyone attempt to murder an up-and-coming marine biologist? One of the first families in the Bay area takes the spotlight here.

Catch Me a Spy. *By George Marton and Tibor Moray. Harper & Row. $4.95.* Though their nuptials were celebrated in Westminster Abbey, the course of true love did not run smooth for John Fenton and his mink-clad bride. Whatever poets may say, iron bars *do* make a cage. Amiably preposterous.

Children of the Night. *By John Blackburn. Putnam. $4.50.* String of fatal calamities overtakes Yorkshire village; old-timers recall sequence of tragedies that terrified area in days gone by. Hellzapoppin all over in this one.

Corpses in Corsica. *By Shirley Deane. Vanguard. $4.95.* When fifty assorted Britons descend on Napoleon's isle at the season's end, Terry Bronson, in charge of local tourism, regards his troubles as nearly over, but they have really only begun. A spirited and mainly jolly production.

Strangers to Town. *By L. P. Davies. Crime Club. $3.95.* Retired English publisher, strolling through countryside, is subjected to a *déjà vu* experience that leads to a remarkable sequence of events. Gripping and credible if the reader accepts basic premise.

Time of the Predators. *By Joe Gores. Random House. $4.95.* Young and vicious foursome in California community commit mass rape on educator's wife because husband had reported them to the police for an earlier assault; the wife kills herself. This savage story tackles the question of how far a person should go in attempting to wreak vengeance.

Colonel Blessington. *By Pamela Frankau. Edited and with an introduction by Diana Raymond. Delacorte. $4.50.* For the second time in three months it is our melancholy duty to announce a book completed by another hand than the original author's. Here the collaborator is a cousin. Miss Frankau was the daughter of a prolific novelist; she herself began publishing in 1908 at the age of twenty-one. This terminal work is based in part on a tape recording, plus an outline devoted to a new subplot.

Sergeant Cuff

Nuclear Weapons

Continued from page 21

perhaps for much longer, feasible combinations of military and non-military defense measures can come pretty close to preserving a reasonable semblance of our prewar society."

Moss suspects there may be something wrong with such statements, and says of Kahn, "He makes you think all the time that he must have missed some vital, fundamental factor, as he moves with such swift assurance through the problems of humanity, so fluid, intangible, unsolvable and tragic. There is an urge to put your finger on some crucial gap, to show that things are not so easily within a man's mental grasp." But rather than trust this intuitive judgment, he ends up in awe of Kahn's flashy intellectual style, and concludes that "Usually, when you do, you find that he has seen it first, and included it somewhere in his calculations."

Another quote from Kahn, taken from an interview with the author, gives us a better idea of the missing "vital factor" in Kahn's thought. "The truth is, I'm bored with nuclear war as a subject. Not repelled, you understand. Just bored. Like the people in Washington, like most people, like you, I don't really believe in it." Now we recognize the "crucial gap" to be the one we spoke of before, that between technology and imagination. Kahn is right in saying that he is not unique in his susceptibility to it—in his inability to believe in nuclear war—but we have the right to expect a bit more imaginative discipline on the part of someone in Kahn's position. Instead, we sense that he, like a number of other defense intellectuals, seeks to bridge that gap (at least in the examples I have quoted) by a technicism that is as misleading as it is ahuman. It is here most of all that we miss in Moss a sense of nuclear absurdity.

Yet the basic humanism of Moss's nuclear common sense exerts a power of its own. He speaks, for instance, of an "almost instinctual value judgment . . . that there are some things men must not poison for any gain; that we live on this planet not as possessors, but as tenants and trustees; that we may have obligations towards the human race that go beyond our immediate acquaintance with it or our immediate concerns; that there are things before which we should be humble." And he rightly stresses the significance of the awareness on the part of leaders of great nations that they have no means of protection against others' H-bombs. This is a profoundly unacceptable psychological state for ordinary people as well as generals. It has much to do with the extensive support being mobilized for anti-ballistic missiles; these probably *decrease* protection (by stimulating general escalation of missile fire-power), but they provide an *aura of protection,* an illusion of safety.

Moss is admirably unsparing in his exposure of nuclear deceptions and self-deceptions. He tells us how the Atomic Energy Commission, as "the possessor and manufacturer of H-bombs, became their defenders, and fought against any who cried alarm over radiation from tests"—a situation with parallels in Hiroshima, where the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission, a U.S. Government-affiliated medical research group, largely financed by the Atomic Energy Commission, has at times assumed a similar stance in relationship to alarm over medical aftereffects of the atomic bomb.

Moss's exposure of nuclear deception culminates in a brilliant commentary on its "clinical language":

> There was talk of "taking out" a city, and destroying a country, of acceptable and unacceptable losses. As the losses that were calculated became greater, so seen through the distorting prism of language, they came to seem less painful, and easier to contemplate. A thousand people killed can conjure up a picture of tragedy, but a city being "taken out" sounds neutral, and antiseptic. It seems a loss that is numerical in nature, like so many chips in a poker game, or an indemnity that a country is forced to pay. It has a sound of something done with surgical neatness. If you live in the city in question, you are dead; if outside it, you are not. There is no hint of the process of dying, the millions outside the fireball burned or irradiated or crushed to death, the hundreds of square miles of half-destruction and half-death, or slow death, or delayed death.

This sort of thing has of course been said before, but rarely as well; and in any case we need to have it repeated, in varying shades and tones, in order for us to begin to grasp the nature of our nuclear aberration.

The author's feeling for language helps him to debunk the idea of "massive retaliation," partly by calling forth P.M.S. Blackett's wise warning: "Once a nation pledges its safety to an absolute weapon, it becomes emotionally essential to believe in an absolute enemy"—a combination which, as Moss points out, is all too consistent with traditional American attitudes, one in fact we have already seen illustrated in the earlier "total power . . .

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total evil" quotation from Brien McMahon.

Moss is equally telling in his revelation of American resistance to the abolition of nuclear weapons, as in the following sequence of events during the mid-1950s: American embrace, to the point of near-sponsorship, of an Anglo-French plan for eliminating nu-

clear weapons and reducing conventional forces, under a system of international control and inspection, as put before the London Disarmament Conference of June 1954; the surprising (because of previous opposition to inspection) acceptance of the plan by the Soviet Union in May of the following year; and the withdrawal of U.S. acceptance in September. For at that time there took place in American thinking a shift from the principle of abolishing nuclear weapons to that of arms control measures, a shift from moral to technical imagery. Moss is partly sympathetic to the shift ("it aims to make the world safer rather than better; it rests on assumptions of common interests rather than protestations of good faith"), and there is much to be said for the form of nuclear common sense it represents. But what also has to be said (and is not said by Moss) is that the subsequent virtually exclusive focus upon technical considerations turned out to be a dangerous expression of the mechanistic fallacy I spoke of before, and one all too consistent with another American inclination.

Men Who Play God reaffirms the unsavory truth that no one is immune from the lure of nuclearism; the book has sections about Russian, British, French, and Chinese quests for the nuclear deity—whether through "drifting into deterrence," seeking a first-class national status, expressing a form of Western or Asian pride, or even through a nation's finding (as de Gaulle put it—God help us!) "its soul." Add to this picture the proliferation of each country's version of a military-industrial complex, and then the relative ease in the long run of making hydrogen bombs ("roll[ing] off assembly lines in quantity") and we begin to get a sense of the actuality of our nuclear nightmare. No wonder we often resort to dubious ways to dispel that nightmare. The most dangerous of these is the "safety" sought in the LeMay type of itchy readiness to use the ultimate weapon, or what Moss calls "preparedness for war at every instant with an almost paranoid intensity." While the author clearly does not like such a stance, he again backs away from ethical judgment when he says that characterizing it in that fashion "is not criticism" because "it is part of a military man's job to be this way."

The other main stance, the McNamara "nuclear cool" with its stress upon stability and avoidance of a "spasm war," is a vast improvement, but not without its own aberrations. That Moss senses the existence of such aberrations is made clear by a comment reminiscent of Herman Kahn's remarks quoted before: "It seems just possible that for all his painstaking calculations, for all his applications of lucidity and intelligence, McNamara can keep his cool only because, deep down in his mind, he does not really believe that nuclear war can happen; that, perhaps, when the spectre appears as a real possibility, he too is blinded to any fine distinctions." Moss repeatedly emphasizes this phenomenon of what Raymond Aron called "nuclear incredulity," and characterizes it well: "To most people, nuclear war does not seem to belong to the world of things that can really happen, like business troubles or school exams or next summer's holiday. More and more facts and more and more figures do not make it seem real, any more than, to use a Zen parable, more polishing can make a stone into a mirror."

At issue here is what I call psychic numbing, which includes many forms of emotional desensitization and imaginative limitation in the face of technological death, and of death in general. To understand the extent to which psychic numbing affects our entire age, one must read not only Moss but also Philip Green, and, I would stress, accounts of what it was like in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. For while it is true that everyone is prone to this pattern, and even that a certain amount of it, *in selective and limited form,* is necessary for the kind of technical judgments that need to be made, nuclear wisdom depends upon breaking out of it—upon learning to *know* and *believe in* nuclear disaster.

Moss is most effective when he blends his steady nuclear common sense with strong elements of nuclear absurdity. He tells us, for instance, that "Every strategy for employing nuclear weapons has its own paradox," so that "stabilizing" measures turn out to stimulate an arms race, and efforts at tacit communication with the enemy about "bargains" concerning the sparing of cities have effects the opposite of those intended. The only predictable thing about nuclear weapons programs turns out to be their terrible autonomy: "... one has the eerie impression that the development of a thermonuclear bomb is an organic process with a life of its own and a growth that is inevitable, and independent of the wills of individuals." This self-perpetuating technological maze is surely one of the most disturbing features of our whole nuclear-weapons syndrome. People I have talked to who have been close to weapons programs describe a sense on the part of everyone, right up to the most knowledgeable scientist or technician, of being unable to control, influence, or even grasp the larger system in which each feels himself helplessly enmeshed. The thing-deity is ultimately formless, invisible, unknowable. In this sense, as in others, it is merely the destructive arm of our technology at large.

Rendered doubly absurd, then, is the romantic ethos cultivated in men responsible for delivering the bombs, the "ideal of boldness, dash, and carry-the-war-to-the-enemy spirit" of members of the Strategic Air Command. How is one, for instance, to reconcile this ethos with what Moss calls "perhaps the most mordant sick joke of all time," the terms chosen for the definitive units of nuclear destruction: with the "beach" (derived from the film *On the Beach*), the quantity of nuclear bombs sufficient to wipe out half the world's population with fallout; or the "Kahn" (whose derivation needs no explanation), the amount of fissionable material that would wipe out the entire population of the United States or Russia with local fallout? These terms were supplied respectively by Donald Brennan, a specialist in arms control, and Freeman Dyson, a leading nuclear

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1360

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1360 will be found in the next issue.

IKCUIAPCIP AU VXP ACCPJ DK-

AIP ZXAIX ZFJCU MU VXFV

UKYPKCP YFS NP GKKOACT.

—X. G. YPCIOPC

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1359

If you are not very clever, you should be conciliatory.

—DISRAELI.

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physicist; their nuclear gallows humor serves the useful purpose of mocking the more "straight" (and numbed) nuclear language and of bringing out at least a tinge of the absurdity of our calculations—and of our situation.

Equally grotesque in a different way is a phenomenon which could be called "nuclearized Christianity": the moral and theological support offered by chaplains in SAC to individuals who may waver in their nuclear faith. Moss tells of one Protestant chaplain who, when asked what he tells such men, offered a biblical passage from Timothy: "But if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel"—and the clergyman went on to attribute persistent

objections on the part of men who say "their conscience does not permit them to fly with nuclear bombs and drop them" to "perhaps . . . some article they read" or "perhaps some religious fanatic [who] got hold of them."

I think Norman Moss shows his best insight into the absurdity of our era in his characterization of the bomber pilot, exemplified by those in the Strategic Air Command but meant to be an international prototype:

> When historians of some future period look back on this particular time, they may well decide that the bomber pilot is its representative figure: physically fit, mentally alert, brave, the master of fantastic technological creations, soaring high above earth as men once dreamed of doing on precision-tooled wings of metal alloy, inflicting death, injury and pain on people far below whom he does not know, cannot see, and for whom he feels neither hate nor any emotion whatsoever.

Moss further generalizes this observation to apply to the "squads of technicians [John Strachey's phrase] . . . sitting at instrument panels that control huge rockets, ready to wage the most terrible war that the world has ever known." Thus the men launching a Minuteman missile initiate a chain of events, including a noise "loud enough to be heard three miles away [but] not loud enough to be heard by the men who fired it in their control capsule, since they are seven to ten miles away and sixty feet underground." Neither these men nor their base commander know the missile's target, so "The separation of an action from its consequences, which has become increasingly a characteristic of modern warfare with the advance of technology, is here complete."

At the end of his study Moss makes some interesting comments about the novelty of the H-bomb having worn off. In contrast to many earlier predictions, "mankind has neither united nor perished; it remains, disunited and in peril." But he seems to exaggerate the part played by these weapons in maintaining world stability ("If they were not in existence, it is likely that Chinese troops would have poured into South Vietnam long before to fight beside the Viet Cong, and that American forces would have helped the Hungarian uprising"). And although Moss grants that "the future may not be so stable," he on the whole underestimates the depth of present instability. Nor does he do more than begin to suggest the general psychological impact of these weapons. However, he is undoubtedly right when he tells us that "We are all trapped in the situation of our time and place, and must make some concessions to [the hydrogen bomb's] demands." When Moss goes on to emphasize our need for everyone's perspective — "the strategist's dedication to reason, the politician's acceptance of the world as it is, the moralist's crying awareness of the world as it ought to be, even the military man's sense of interests to be defended"—he is also partly right, but at the same time, in his nuclear common sense, insufficiently radical. The point is that we require leaps of imagination from all of these groups.

I am aware that I have presented contradictory views of Moss's work, but that is because he himself is contradictory. In trying to understand all and tell all, to be all things to all nuclear men, he falls into a documentary fallacy common to journalists and academicians alike. He substitutes detail and many-sidedness for the kind of sustained and innovative argument we need to carry our grasp of these matters further than it now is. And yet he has managed to tell more about the over-all thermonuclear issue than anybody before him, and in a way that leaves one, if here and there disappointed by what he does not do, nonetheless much the wiser. On a subject like this no author can fully succeed, but we have desperate need of the kind of insight we gain from all attempts such as Moss's to break out of the conspiracy of silence that still surrounds so much of our absurd relationship to nuclear weapons.

The Myth of MIRV

Continued from page 15

ready have passed the point of no return; in fact, some fear that the point has already been passed. The critical stage is when we have tested enough to make deployment feasible—more precisely, when conservative Soviet planners can no longer be confident that this is not the case. After that, all chance for a test ban agreement will have been lost.

Senator Brooke believes there will be enough time for the negotiators to conclude a meaningful test ban agreement provided the arms talks begin soon. He is confident that his resolution, scheduled to be brought up when Congress returns from vacation, will pass, at least in the Senate.

It would seem that we have nothing to lose by halting our tests for six months or a year. The potential threat which MIRV is intended to answer is so far in the future that we could surely resume testing and deployment —if it became necessary—long before the threat materialized.

On the positive side, a moratorium would give tangible evidence of our good faith and our desire to reach a meaningful agreement. Such an agreement would benefit both major powers and would create an atmosphere which might make other arms limitation agreements more likely. It would begin to implement the provision of the recently ratified Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty which calls for good-faith arms control negotiations. It would be enthusiastically received by the non-nuclear countries.

The present moment, when approximate equality prevails, seems exceptionally well suited to begin the reversal of the escalations of the past twenty years. In the words of John B. Anderson, a conservative Republican Congressman: "The time has come to call a halt to this insane nuclear version of keeping up with the Joneses."

The best chance to call a halt is to stop MIRV, but the chance is slipping through our fingers.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1 o, *Paradise Lost.* 2p, *Leaves of Grass.* 3m, *Green Mansions.* 4g, *The Waste Land.* 5c, *The Good Earth.* 6k, *Lord of the Flies.* 7 l, *Farewell to Arms.* 8n, *The Magic Mountain.* 9a, *Pride and Prejudice.* 10 d, *Heart of Darkness.* 11 f, *Bleak House.* 12h, *Light in August.* 13i, *Jonathan Wild.* 14e, *Descent of Man.* 15b, *Old Wives' Tale.* 16j, *The Man of Property.*

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Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

Swinging Bermuda?

SOME MONTHS ago when my mother was looking for a sun-splashed refuge from the Minnesota tundra, she consulted her favorite travel agent. One of my suggestions was Bermuda.

"Isn't Bermuda awfully slow and sedate?" asked the woman I've generally known to be unmoved by the sound of rattling dice or the sight of those two flashing neon words: NIGHT CLUB. "Maybe so," I said. "I haven't been there, but informants tell me that on Bermuda the peak of activity is high tea."

Late in July, a few days before flying down to Britain's oldest crown colony for a long weekend, I stopped an old Bermuda hand with essentially the same question. What I said was, "Does it swing?" He laughed a private little laugh, an I'm-not-talking-while-the-flavor-lasts laugh. "Look," he said finally, "I'm going to be down there too this weekend, but I doubt if you'll need my help."

So I kept my silence until the Eastern Airlines stewardess was handing me a Rum Swizzle early Friday afternoon to help sweeten the ninety-minute flight from New York—as if the very act of *leaving* New York in midsummer isn't sweet enough. She acknowledged the drink to be strictly tourist fare but otherwise confessed her ignorance of Bermudiana. "It's a turn-around flight for us—and just as well," she added. "Bermuda isn't the liveliest place."

By then I doubted if the weekend would hold any greater excitement than the chance to experiment with my newly purchased one-suit bag, the kind all the advertisements claim you can stow under the airplane seat and thus skip the delays and snarls at the baggage-claim counter. Well, the bag refused to fit under the seat of the Boeing 720 and the rum-bearing blonde had to find room in a closet. On a DC-8 flying home, my slightly more bloated case slid easily into place. I am drawing no comparisons between Boeing and Douglas, but merely warning the traveler to get ready for the Super Jet Age—Pan Am intends to fly the 360-passenger 747s this winter—by learning to clear airports as swiftly as the overburdened system will permit. Bigger planes will help unclog the airways, but one shudders at the prospect of fighting through terminals.

It's a quick two-swizzle-and-steak (or Chicken Kiev) hop to the island that Christopher Morley called the "microcosm of the sea empire." Bermuda, 800 miles due east of Charleston, South Carolina, washed by gulf currents so that frost never forms on its gentle terrain, is the home of Bermuda shorts, Bermuda grass, and Bermuda onions. Most of the shorts are made elsewhere, the grass probably clots your front lawn in Gopher Prairie, and the onions are grown in Texas, too.

I stepped into an afternoon as sultry and sunless as the one I'd left behind, but far softer. Even as I passed the first of several ground crewmen looking like Indian Ocean admirals in Bermudas, high socks, and epaulets, my tightly wound mental clock was ticking down to a semitropical rate.

By some historical accounts, Bermuda has given America the Irish potato (1621), gunpowder to battle the British (1775), and the game of tennis (1874). I suppose we needed all that, but couldn't Congress have barred Bermuda shorts? Hawaii is the only state I know where people—homegrown people anyway—disdain Bermudas in favor of long pants. Americans who wear Bermuda shorts in Europe probably do more to retard international relations than all the cigar-chomping wheeler-dealers and their strident, lacquered wives.

On Bermuda, somehow, the shorts seem to fit. At first the sight of an American man in suit coat, tie, loafers, high socks, and those baggy unmentionables may recall the daring fraternity boy of the 1950s who showed up so attired at his spring formal, but in time it becomes as much a part of the scene as Bermuda's pink, yellow, and green coral-stone buildings, bulbous bullfrogs squatting on the narrow roads at night, and fully suited island businessmen tooling around on motor scooters.

I stayed at the Castle Harbour Beach and Golf Club, an establishment your average swinger would avoid like a Caribbean cruise. The complaint is that it's too remotely situated on the east end of the island, not close enough to whatever nighttime tremors shake the capital city of Hamilton, and generally a haven for honeymooners (who make up nearly a third of the tourist crowd), families, and conventioners. In three days I waded briefly through one of Castle Harbour's two swimming pools, passed up all the golf, tennis, and shuffleboard action, drank in only a third of its nine or ten bars, ignored untold restaurants and shops—and still managed to fill the waking hours.

My friend the Bermuda hand put me on the right course the first afternoon with an introduction to a patented island drink, Cockspur Rum and ginger ale, and afterward stood aside to let me unlock Bermuda's charms. We wiled away a drizzly hour talking at a poolside bar with the waitress and cashier—two British girls who ventured off a few years ago and today see no advantage in returning to what they and so many of their countrymen call "a sinking ship." (I am not an Anglophile, but that reference always saddens me.) After a while, the two of them huddled for a minute and then announced that I reminded them of Tom Jones, the singer. Odd, but the stewardess had said the same thing. I don't know what this says about my swinger's rating, but I was unable to call up either the face or the voice. All that came to me was Albert Finney slobbering on a mutton bone. When I mentioned the Fielding character, the cashier said with disarming ignorance: "Was there a book too?"

On the way up to my room I stopped at the front desk to fetch the key. The clerk, also a British girl, had trouble finding it. "Could it be under Jones?" she said smiling.

"Who told you to say that?"

"Why no one. I thought you were Tom Jones when you walked in the front door this afternoon. Haven't people been mobbing you for autographs?"

"Only the bar cashier," I said, "who asked me to sign for the drinks."

Upstairs I opened two windows to combat the meat-locker chill of my room, then fell asleep for the customary thirty minutes as insurance against the long night ahead. I awoke to a shrill, insistent din rising from the heavy dusk—a noise I took to be the generator of some huge machine. In

Holiday Inn hopes it can score with the island's only chain-style hotel.

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fact it was Bermuda's nightly symphony of tree frogs.

Bermuda's surprises seem less calculated to jar the visitor than to puzzle or charm him. One needn't comb the twenty-three-mile-long lobster claw of an island to realize it lacks the raw beauty of Kauai or the throbbing hidden ferment of Jamaica, but it has a muted appeal that invites all but the Everest climbers. Although the English have been entrenched for 350 years, Bermuda emerges not nearly so properly stuffy as it is billed. "Very English," is the stamp so many visitors apply, and what they mean is afternoon tea, helmeted bobbies, left-side traffic, portraits of the Queen. But aren't these mere trappings? Would a Londoner feel any more familiar than a Clevelander?

In the six years since segregation was outlawed, Bermuda's "coloured" residents, who make up two-thirds of the island's 50,000 population, have begun to assert themselves politically and socially, and no doubt their gains have enriched a somewhat bland society. Lily-white Bermudians might dispute that, but they generally move in narrow, voiceless circles fortified by high walls of hibiscus.

It came to me the second day that my friend's private smile had said something about not pressing too hard, about waiting for Bermuda to meet you halfway. This I learned with a 4 a.m. collapse after hopping about Hamilton from the Gazebo Lounge of the Princess Hotel (see the tropical fish behind the bar), to the Longtail Bar (make faces in the reflecting ceiling), to the Forty Thieves (dance late and avoid the cover charge), to The Coffee Shop, Hamilton's only all-night eating place. Here I thought I'd encountered reverse prejudice, until it was clear the black short-order cooks were according their mostly black clientele the same agonizing, slow-motion service.

Maxine, my patient chamber maid, plied me with better service than I deserved. "I hear you," she would sing in her melodious Bermudian voice to confirm something I'd said. She scolded me for not picking up fallen bathing trunks and discarded towels until I convinced her that if she did nothing more than make the bed I'd be grateful. On Sunday morning I groaned to her about having to wash out some things because the hotel laundry service wasn't operating, and when I got back to my room that afternoon, she had done the job herself.

There are two routes to the best of Bermuda, either by a rented scooter or a hired cab driven by a qualified guide. Terry Rehkopf, Castle Harbour's lovely lady flack, led me on a beach-hopping cruise of the south shore, beating her motorized bike like a thundering Harley. Impatient motorists will find Bermuda's narrow, bending roads and twenty-mile-an-hour speed limit less constraining on a two-wheeler than in a car. Traffic never really builds up on the open road, though, because of a strictly enforced law limiting one car to a household. You can also rent horse-drawn buses and carriages, the last holdovers from the torpid prewar era when autos were forbidden on the island.

On that shining day I decided to waive the vexing restriction that prohibits bike riders from going bareback, emboldened by Miss Rehkopf's word that she knows every cop on the island. Late in the afternoon outside of Hamilton a bobbie pulled me over and directed me firmly, though not abrasively, to suit up. "I didn't know him," Miss Rehkopf said.

We stopped at the Elbow Beach Surf Club, a refuge of Bermuda's Beautiful People that Miss Rehkopf normally avoids. She forewarned me about the Atlases who beautify the beach, but I saw mostly pot bellies and bald heads. Farther up the coast is Horseshoe Bay, a fine arc of white sand somewhat reminiscent of Oahu's Hanauma Bay. The sun was out, but a high wind cutting across the beach all but buried our towels while we swam. "By the way," I asked, "what does Tom Jones look like?"

"The singer? Oh, he's horrid looking."

Sunday morning on my own I explored some private roads south of the hotel leading out to Tucker's Town Bay. I passed empty beaches and quiet turquoise lagoons, following a narrowing road splashed on either side by hibiscus and oleander, slowing down now and then to read the curious signs that identify Bermuda's residences large and small. OUT OF THE BLUE. AIRBORNE. At a fork in the road I came upon the tumble-down remains of an ancient coral-stone house, morning-glories growing between the fallen gray slabs.

That afternoon as the rain blew in, I buzzed out to St. George, the original capital of the island, now a quaint harbor of winding lanes and glistening white buildings. Holiday Inn is at work on a hillside north of town, prepared to open Bermuda's only chain-style hotel in 1970. Others may break through the government's tough building codes, but not soon. It is significant that probably the only place a Hilton hotel ever failed was some years ago on Bermuda. When the seven-story Bank of Bermuda, the island's tallest building, was going up last year, skeptics called it the Hole of Bermuda, but since its completion in May, many have come to admire its bold but not dominant presence on the Hamilton waterfront.

Through the weekend I was nagged by the feeling that Bermuda was pulling its best punch, and then I awoke one morning at dawn and knew that all the time it had been lurking on the horizon behind high silvery clouds. I went to the window and listened to the wind howling down from the hills, whipping a fierce rain across the terrace below, bending small trees like huddled mourners. I stood there a long time thrilling to the explosion of pent-up fury. Hours later when I awoke again, a muggy calm had returned, and Bermuda was wearing its sedate smile for all to see. —D. B.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 28: padres, drapes, spader, spared, spread, rasped, parsed.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Roland Gelatt

Arlo as Arlo

LOOKING ACROSS the generation gap to the under-twenty-fives who wear long hair, groove to rock, and burn draft cards, film director Arthur Penn observes: "We are witnessing something in which rebellion is not the essential characteristic. These kids are onto something much more genuine, much more tender. . . . I'm hoping that the film will be able to elucidate that part of their subculture in a way that I haven't seen done elsewhere yet." The quotation comes from Joseph Gelmis's forthcoming book *The Film Director as Superstar* (Doubleday), and the movie in question is *Alice's Restaurant*, a semi-documentary account of hippie manners and mores that is certain to become one of the season's most talked-about productions.

The film is not calculated to win easy converts. Its structure, its stylistic focus, its point of view are elusive. One tries in vain to target its central theme. Is it about Alice and Ray, the nonconformist couple who inhabit a deconsecrated church and run a restaurant in Stockbridge, Massachusetts? Is it about Arlo Guthrie, the laconic and puckishly charming young folk singer who swims in and out of their orbit? Or is it about the entire cluster of draft-age kids who use Alice and Ray's offbeat home as a kind of anti-establishment refuge? The answer has to be that the picture is really about them all. It flits with seeming capriciousness from scene to scene and character to character, starting one story line, then dropping it for another, picking out slices of life—a bit of this, a bit of that—much like a bakery clerk assembling a pound of assorted cookies. This method entails some initial confusion and ultimately leaves a good deal unexplained, but it also serves to yield a richness of vision that might have been lost in a conventional ordering of sequences.

Another source of both weakness and strength can be found in the film's sometimes precarious balancing of reality and make-believe. Most of the people portrayed in *Alice's Restaurant* are alive and well and living in various parts of the country, and a few of them play themselves—most notably Arlo Guthrie, but also such subsidiary characters as his companion, Geoff Outlaw, and his Stockbridge nemesis, Officer William Obanheim. This makes for a curious sense of disorientation, of never being quite sure when fact ends and fiction begins. It certainly casts an ambivalent light on the hospital room scene in which Pete Seeger and Arlo try to entertain the dying Woody Guthrie (played by Joseph Boley). The scene has undeniable pathos, but part of its effect derives from our awareness that two of its three principals are re-creating a moment of life they actually experienced in the not too distant past.

The film is imperfect, but it is also extraordinarily communicative, absorbing, and entertaining. Especially entertaining. Two of the episodes are taken directly from Arlo's well-known song, "Alice's Restaurant Massacree," and both are hilarious bits of deadpan black comedy. Fortunately, Arthur Penn has not taken his mandate to elucidate the hippie subculture as an excuse for scowling solemnity. While giving full due to the basic sobriety and sensitivity of these young people, he also shows them gathering a high quotient of enjoyment from their unconventional and seemingly disordered life. The film is especially good at defining the casual, no-hangups attitude toward sex that is currently fashionable. The girls here get down to business without so much as a tentative paw from the young man who catches their fancy. "Are you going to make your move or not?" one of them asks Arlo with tart impatience.

Altogether, the film makes a far more appealing case for the hippies than does *Easy Riders*. This is partly because of Arlo Guthrie, whose good humor, decency, and genuineness are so engaging. But I think it is mainly because the director does not try to argue their case too vehemently. Despite his evident admiration, Penn is looking at these young dissidents from a certain distance. We are not meant to approve of everything we see. In fact, the final shot—a long, slow pan of Alice staring forlornly and despairingly into space after an excessively turned-on party—might be taken to indicate that hippiedom is a failure, that the community she mothered so tenderly had reached a vacant dead end. Or it might not. The beauty of this film is that it invites speculation and reappraisal. With all its flaws and ambivalences, it compels consideration as a legitimate work of art.

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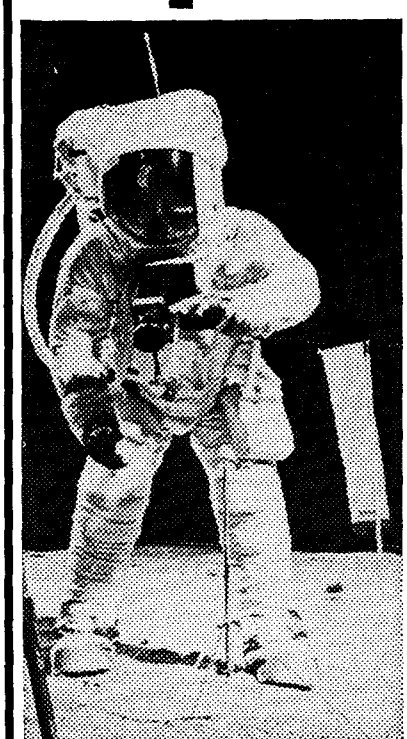

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Ageless Pierrot

LEE, MASS. MIDWAY in this summer's ten-week Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—the thirty-seventh year of the festival itself and the twenty-eighth year in the Ted Shawn Theatre—John Christian, the Pillow's executive director, brought together on one program an avant-garde, multi-media company in its festival debut, and the first dancer, other than Shawn himself, to bring dance to what was once an old Berkshire farm. The new company was the Gruppe Motion Berlin; the veteran soloist was Barton Mumaw, who made his professional debut in a Shawn production at Lewisohn Stadium in 1931 and who, two years later, became featured soloist with Ted Shawn and His Men Dancers (1933-1940).

Mumaw's selections included *Two Negro Spirituals* ("Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child" and "Get on Board Little Children"), *Johnny Comes Marching Home*—both choreographed by the dancer himself—and his most famous solo, "Pierrot in the Dead City" (from Erich Korngold's *Die Tote Stadt*), created for him by Shawn in 1935. This "Pierrot," ineffably sad, was seen by countless thousands of concertgoers in almost every city and town in America and in other lands as well. If those same audiences could have seen Mumaw again this month, thirty years later, I doubt that they could have detected any difference in the appearance of the dancer or in his lightness of movement and technical control.

Barton Mumaw, at fifty-eight, in "Pierrot in the Dead City"—"made the yesterdays seem like todays."

Even in those moments when the forlorn Pierrot seeks to recapture the gaiety he once knew in the now empty city, Mumaw gave forth with those sweeping *renversés* and those fleet *brisés volés*—movement echoes of a joyous past. It was lovely to see "Pierrot in the Dead City" once again. It was also, of course, nostalgic, a nostalgia unsullied by rueful memories of better days, for Mumaw himself turned back the clock and made the yesterdays seem like todays.

The Pillow's newest festival acquisition, Gruppe Motion Berlin, is not likely to have many successful tomorrows if its *Countdown for Orpheus* is a fair example (I would imagine that the best was chosen for a Jacob's Pillow debut) of the repertory. Founded in 1962 by Brigitta Herrmann, Manfred Fischbeck, and Hellmut Fricke-Gottschild in Germany, and now with headquarters in Philadelphia, the "Gruppe" brought to the Pillow a long, long experiment that included projected close-ups of eyes (for example), electronic sounds, live grunts and other vocal emissions, and some well-shaped bodies doing some random movements of less than random interest.

Among the projections was a countdown in numerals. This appeared on the side wall of the theater, not the stage, and when some members of the audiences caught on that it indicated how many minutes left to go, they decided to go. As long as one felt, "Well, it'll be over any minute now," the courteous thing was to stay; but once warned, escape was paramount. As meandering lights touched stage and theater walls, I was amused to note that two great dance portraits, one on either side of the theater, of Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn—pioneers, rebels, and avant-gardists—of an earlier epoch, remained serene. Shawn, in his Indian "Feather of the Dawn" dance, looked upward for solace from the Great Spirit, while St. Denis, as the Japanese Goddess of Mercy, looked downward in what might possibly have been forgiveness.

Some of the dancers in Gruppe Motion Berlin moved well and with a certain motor urgency, but it wasn't enough. You will find much, much better multi-media dance explorations elsewhere.

This particular program also had a dash of Spanish dance, provided for by Teresa and her ensemble. Of particular interest was Teresa's exploration of the underlying rhythms of music by Johann Sebastian Bach in an excerpt from a toccata and in four two-part inventions. You may think of Bach in terms of a well-tempered clavier, but Teresa made you hear him by way of *taconeo*, the heel-beats of Spain. What she came up with were studies rather than dances, but they were fascinating, far more fascinating—ancient Spain and old Bach—than the presumably novel Gruppe Motion Berlin.

Views of Our Sphere

By Ernest Sandeen

We deserved that earth-shot from the
moon's asbestos-gray horizon: a
family portrait on the old homestead, yet
not a single one of us could be
seen and the only history being made was
storm-swirls over rocks and oceans.

So our prophets from as long ago as the
close of paradise had at last a
picture to illustrate their remarks.

As the atoms in our invisible heads
go on blasting out toward darker and
darker lights what can we hope for but
smaller and smaller snapshots of this place
already small and lonesome enough.

The countdown, however, is pulsing in all our
engineered spaces of mind, and each flight
now must explode into the next till
we and our shape in the sun and our weather
vanish altogether (all together).

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

	TITLE AND AUTHOR	TENTATIVE CAST	OPENING
DOMESTIC	THE RECKONING, Douglas Turner Ward	Douglas Turner Ward, Lester Rawlins	Thurs., Sept. 4 St. Marks
	SILHOUETTES, Ted Harris	Jeff Herman, Ann Stafford, Fred Forrest	Mon., Sept. 8 Actors Playhouse
	THE END OF ALL THINGS NATURAL, G. Zoffer	Muni Seroff	Thurs., Sept. 11 Village South
	THE OFAY WATCHER, Frank Cucci	Cleavon Little, Terry Kiser, Novella Nelson	Thurs., Sept. 11 Stage 73
	THE AMERICAN HAMBURGER LEAGUE, Norman Kline	Bill Hinnant, Jack Fletcher, Jane Hoffman	Tues., Sept. 16 New
	AND PUPPY DOG TAILS, David Gaard	Ken Klaiban, Horton Willis, George Reeger	Wed., Sept. 17 Astor Place
	MERCY STREET, Anne Sexton	Marian Seldes	Sat., Oct. 4 American Place
	HAUNTED HOST, Robert Patrick		Tues., Oct. 7 Hermes
	GO FLY A KITE, Fredd Wayne (from writings of Benjamin Franklin)	Fredd Wayne	Sun., Oct. 12 Gate
	INDIANS, Arthur Kopit	Stacy Keach, Manu Tupou, Peter Maclean	Mon., Oct. 13 Brooks Atkinson
	THE PENNY WARS, Elliott Baker (from his own novel)	George Voskovec, Kim Hunter	Thurs., Oct. 16 Royale
	BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE, Leonard Gershe	Keir Dullea, Maureen O'Sullivan	Fri., Oct. 17 Booth
	DISCREET INDISCRETIONS, Lonnie Coleman	Joan Hackett, Darryl Hickman, Betsy von Furstenberg	Thurs., Oct. 23
	ANGELA, Sumner Arthur Long	Geraldine Page, Rob Anthony	Wed., Oct. 29 Music Box
	THE LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS, Neil Simon	James Coco, Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd	Sun., Dec. 28 Eugene O'Neill
IMPORTED	HELLO AND GOODBYE, Athol Fugard	Colleen Dewhurst, Barry Primus	Thurs., Sept. 18 Sheridan Square
	A PATRIOT FOR ME, John Osborne	Maximilian Schell, Dennis King, Beatrice Straight	Thurs., Oct. 2 Ethel Barrymore
	CRIMES OF PASSION, Joe Orton		Fri., Oct. 17
	MIXED DOUBLES, Harold Pinter, John Bowen, and others	Vivien Merchant, Nigel Stock, Victor Maddern	Tues., Dec. 2
MUSICALS	SALVATION, C. C. Courtney, Peter Link	Boni Enten, Marta Heflin, Yolanda Bavan	Wed., Sept. 24 Jan Hus
	JIMMY, Mel Shavelson, Bill and Patti Jacob	Frank Gorshin, Anita Gillette, Julie Wilson	Tues., Oct. 21 Winter Garden
	RONDELAY, Jerry Douglas, Hal Jordan (from La Ronde)		Tues., Oct. 28 Hudson West
	LA STRADA, Charles K. Peck, Jr., Lionel Bart (from film)	Bernadette Peters	Sat., Dec. 13 Lunt-Fontanne
	COCO, Alan Jay Lerner, Andre Previn	Katharine Hepburn	Thurs., Dec. 18 Mark Hellinger
REVIVALS	CHUSHINGURA, Takeda Izumo and Kagami Jisih, Fukuchi Ochi	The Grand Kabuki	Wed., Sept. 10 City Center
	KUMAGAI JINYA, Namiki Sosuke and Momiji Gari, Kanatake Mokuami	The Grand Kabuki	Wed., Sept. 17 City Center
	A FLEA IN HER EAR, George Feydeau; TINY ALICE, Edward Albee, THE THREE SISTERS, Anton Chekhov	ACT Company from San Francisco	Mon., Sept. 29 ANTA
	FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES, John Herbert		Wed., Oct. 22 Stage 73
	MACBETH, William Shakespeare (text rearranged)	The Performance Group	Fri., Oct. 24 Performing Garage
	THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH, Thornton Wilder (tentative)	Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center	Thurs., Nov. 6 Beaumont

The New Season is Off

LISTED LEFT are shows scheduled to open in New York before the end of 1969. Most immediately noticeable is the relatively small number of new imported plays. This reflects the current doldrums in the London theater.

Of the new domestic plays listed, nearly two-thirds are being presented Off-Broadway. Furthermore, Ellen Stewart's ambitious schedule at Café La Mama's two off Off-Broadway theaters equals the entire Broadway and Off-Broadway output. It includes Edward De Grazia's *The Americans* (Aug. 27-Sept. 7); John Bottoms's *Man Versus the Computer* (Sept. 10-14); Adrienne Kennedy's *Rat's Mass* (Sept. 17-28); Donald Julian's *Folly* (Sept. 17-28); Ching Yeh's *Won Ton Soup* (Oct. 1-12); Larry Wunderlich's *Fingers* (Oct. 8-19); a new play by Eric Bentley (Oct. 22-Nov. 2); Robert Patrick's *The Golden Circle* (Nov. 5-16); a new play by Tom Eyen (Nov. 5-16); *Eldridge Cleaver,* a La Mama Dance Drama Workshop creation (Nov. 19-30); and Paul Foster's *The Stoned Angel* (Nov. 19-30).

The number of new musicals is the lowest ever, presumably because producers are having difficulty raising the large amounts of money required. Beyond the five listed, *The House of Leather* by Fred Gaines and Dale Menten may open here in December. And *The Girl Upstairs* by James Goldman and Stephen Sondheim (Jan. 11), and *Alice* (adapted from *Alice in Wonderland*) by N. Richard Nash, Hal Hester, and Danny Apolinar (Jan. 21), are definite entries.

Although it has lost its highly acclaimed APA-Phoenix Repertory Company, New York will still have an unusually high proportion of classics and revivals. From Japan comes the marvelous Grand Kabuki with two programs of Japanese classics. ANTA is bringing William Ball's American Conservatory Theatre here from San Francisco with Gower Champion's staging of Feydeau's farce, *A Flea in Her Ear;* and William Ball's unorthodox productions of Chekhov's *The Three Sisters* and Albee's *Tiny Alice.* The Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center will open with either *The Skin of Our Teeth, The Devil's Disciple,* or *The Time of Your Life.*

For dedicated theatergoers, the most eagerly awaited event will be the first appearance in this country of Jerzy Grotowski's Theatre Laboratory. The Polish company will present Calderon's *The Constant Prince* at the Brooklyn Academy of Music's small Third Theatre (Oct. 16-Nov. 1), and will follow this with Wyspianski's *Akropolis* (Nov. 4-15) and *Apocalypse* (Nov. 18-28).

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Santa Fe's Operatic Oasis

by IRVING KOLODIN

SANTA FE, N.M.

Should some cataclysm of nature (or, more likely, man) ever engulf this southwest corner of the United States, archaeologists of the future from the Chinese mainland, coming upon a unique stadium and corroded remnants of giant stage equipment, might ponder: "What metropolis was situated at 35 degrees, 41 minutes north latitude, and 105 degrees, 56 minutes longitude to justify the creation of such an intricate structure?" It is, of course, the other way around: Such is the plant that John Crosby has caused to grow from the ashes of the disastrous fire of 1967 that people come from the East and the West for operatic experiences of a kind and quality they cannot find elsewhere. In this summer of 1969, it is, among more usual matters, the American premieres of works by Gian Carlo Menotti (*Help! Help! The Globolinks*) and Krzysztof Penderecki (*The Devils of Loudun*).

From the pictures that have circulated, one who visited Santa Fe before the blaze (now believed to be an arsonist's work) which turned the prior structure into rubble and twisted steel could visualize the transformations that have been made in the amphitheater seating somewhat more than a thousand. A sizable canopy thrusting forward from high above the proscenium and a curved roof extending toward it from the balcony leave much less exposed space than before. Even so, the slot of sky above and the open areas to the sides preserve that sense of *plein air* that is fundamental to Santa Fe's special place in the operatic world.

What could not be visualized is the upgrading that has been achieved as the result of the "second chance" made possible by a prudent amount of insurance, staunch assistance from good friends, old and new, and some sympathetic foundations. Gone are the old benches, now replaced by back-supporting, attention-inducing individual "exterior stadium seats." Gone, too, is

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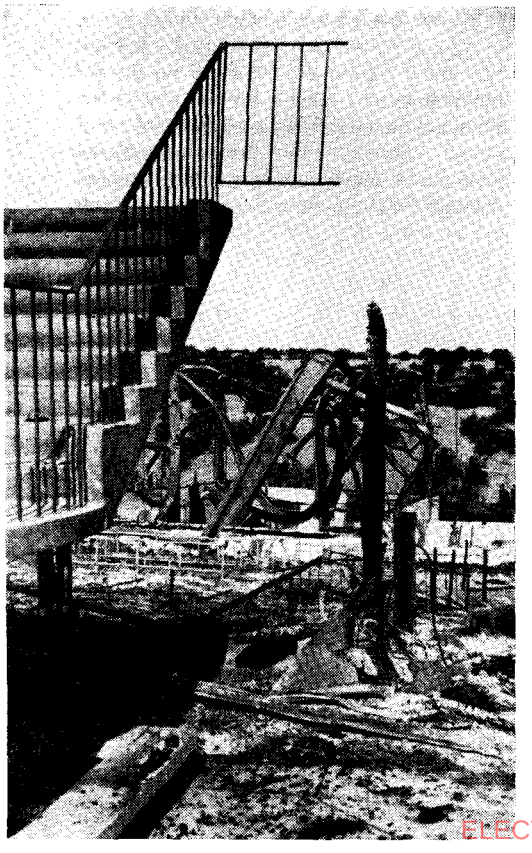
the reflecting pool that formerly separated stage and orchestra pit from the audience. In circumstances of present ticket demand, the assignment of salable space to such a baroque indulgence is no longer admissible. Its disappearance may be regarded as the final severing of the silver cord that attached opera at Santa Fe to its somewhat dilettantish beginnings. It is now grown-up, wholly professional, and ready to be judged on terms applicable to opera anywhere.

If that is the evidence from the audience side, it is multiplied a hundredfold by a tour of the working areas. Under the direction of the knowledgeable Crosby, it takes an hour or more, depending on how closely one wants to scrutinize the mechanical marvels therein embodied. The facilities begin, actually, on the audience side of the stage, with the glassed-in booths at the top of the balcony. One, expectably, is devoted to an imposing lighting console, with provisions either for a preset lighting of any given show, or facilities for introducing manual control. It is one that several older opera houses in this country as well as in Europe might envy. Adjoining it is a different sort of facility: a sound engineer's command post, from whose tape decks or turntable can be produced any sound effect or electronic impulse to be blended with the voices on stage or the instruments in the pit. Considering the repertory to which Crosby's company is partial, this is no luxury—it is on the order of indispensable.

"The blaze (now believed to be an arsonist's work) which turned the prior structure into rubble and twisted steel."



Still on the audience side is the pit itself: "It can now accommodate eighty musicians," says Crosby, "and we can get ninety into it if necessary." There doesn't seem to be a *Götterdämmerung* or *Parsifal* in the immediate Santa Fe future, but if a new Wagner appears he'll be welcome on New Mexico State Road 285, a six-lane highway which sweeps past the premises.

The dividing line of front and rear is drawn by a massively handsome pine door, fitted with native trim, at stage right. It is one of sixteen or so around the theater whose cost was underwritten by the Metropolitan Opera Guild as its contribution toward replenishing Santa Fe's operatic oasis. Through it one passes into a world of theatrical production resources that absorbed three-quarters of the $2-million raised in the aftermath of the fire. An intimate awareness of the previous surroundings' shortcomings resulted in a giant laundry list of suggestions to which every department—backstage and front of the house—contributed. When you have such a pro on your side as Lou Edson (happily free of the tormented look he bore when he quit the Metropolitan's production staff in the frenzied aftermath of getting the new house open in 1966), you are sure to be in better hands, even, than Allstate's.

A joint creation of architect John McHugh (of McHugh and Kidder, Santa Fe) and acoustician Jack Purcell (formerly of Bolt, Beranek and Newman of Cambridge, Massachusetts, now on his own), the canopy that shelters part of the audience from the showers that may erupt in this area also doubles—on its underside—as a bridge for much of the stage lighting. "Thirty-six major pieces and about a thousand minor ones," says Crosby with pardonable pride. Then, as the rehearsal for the Penderecki work pursued its way, he directed attention at stage rear to a thing uniquely Santa Fe. It is a great square elevator (twenty feet by twenty feet) on a hydraulic shaft rising sixty-eight feet from the well of concrete in which it is enclosed. In addition to serving as a carrier of heavy equipment from the subterranean workshops to the stage level, it can be utilized as a production asset (as in *Globolinks* when a box set rolls to the rear and appears to disappear into an opening, as if the earth had opened and swallowed it). No opening—just a beautifully designed piece of machinery that sank swiftly out of sight, box set and all.

Sixty-eight feet is a kind of magic figure around Santa Fe Opera, defining as it does the areas below stage on which the practical work of the company is carried forth. The inventory goes something like this: on stage level, right, dressing rooms for principals and chorus (the latter have been thoughtfully provided with a spacious back porch—overlooking the Sangre de Cristo Mountains—where they may smoke or relax when they are not needed during a performance). On stage level, left, quick-change rooms, an electrical patch panel, and—of some considerable consequence—a tunnel, in which conduits to the electrical supply source can be checked out at any point in their course.

Descending to the stage basement, one finds costume shops, where hangs, in an honored place, the only costume not destroyed in the fire. A jaunty affair from a bygone venture with *The Gondoliers*, it survived because it was on exhibition elsewhere on the fatal night. Nearby are a musicians' lounge and practice rooms whose cost was contributed by the music publishing firm of Theodore Presser, Inc. On this level, at stage left, are electrical workshops, carpentry facilities, and a paint shop with a hardwood floor into which flats can be pegged and painted (an Edson idea). Still lower are the prop shops and, at the lowest level—sixty-eight feet worth—scenic storage space. Basic tool equipment costs were met by a Rockefeller Foundation grant.

Not too far away, on the adjoining "ranch" where the company has its office, files, and similar administrative adjuncts are a further increment from the disaster of mid-1967—three rehearsal stages where work with piano can go forward when the main stage is utilized for advanced orchestral preparation. There would be no surprise were one to find Sherrill Milnes, Marcia Baldwin, Lynn Blair, or Ron Bottcher—all members in good standing of the Metropolitan company—working here at leading roles interesting to them. It may surprise some to learn that all, within the last decade, profited from the Santa Fe "Apprentice Program" on the way to attaining the prominence they now possess. Each summer approximately forty-five young singers (average age is twenty-three) report—after surviving winter auditions involving several hundred—to Santa Fe for basic training in operatic disciplines. They receive $75 a week for lodging and food (the latter available, when wanted, from a company canteen at the ranch), plus fifteen hours of instruction in voice, repertory, diction, stage movement, etc. In return they render twenty-five hours a week in company services, at re-

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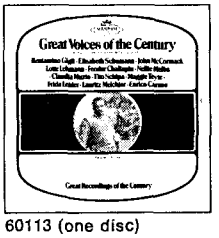

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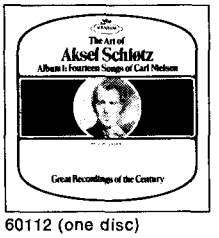

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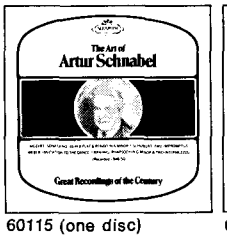

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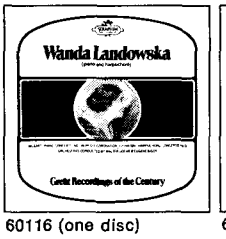

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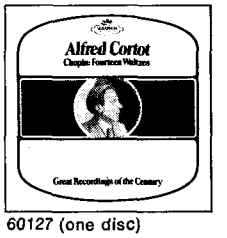

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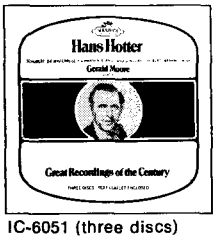

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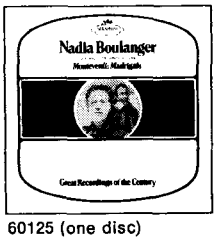

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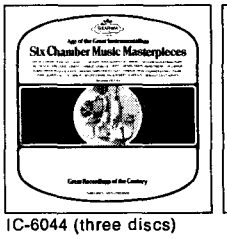

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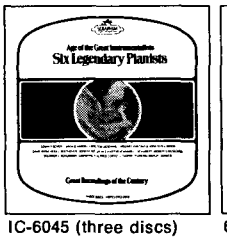

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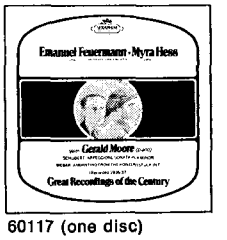

60117 (one disc)

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hearsals and in stage performances (in bit parts or as members of the chorus). The program is assisted by several foundation grants and individual gifts totaling $67,000 for this year.

The totality that emerged from all of these physical facilities and human faculties was demonstrated during "Penderecki week," not only in performances of the *Globolinks*, but also in Strauss's *Salome*, Mozart's *Magic Flute*, and Stravinsky's *Le Rossignol*. Recalling the prior performance of the last named, the new Santa Fe standard is decidedly superior to the old.

Certainly, the prior plant could not have accommodated anything comparable to the scenic scheme of Rouben Ter-Arutunian, its lighting by Georg Schreiber, or the movement of masses in Konrad Swinarski's direction of *The Devils*. They almost persuaded one surrounded by sky and stars that this was spectacle akin to the miracle play of Oberammergau.

And well it was, too, that such a visual evocation of the subject treated as a novel by Aldous Huxley and adapted to a play by John Whiting was possible. For, to put it bluntly, the musicalization by the Polish composer (esteemed for concert hall works of stature and substance) is rather more theatrical than it is dramatic. A good many things happen on the stage in the two-and-a-half hours required to recall the events at Loudun, France, in 1634, which resulted in the respected Vicar Urbain Grandier being both hanged and burned at the stake—no choice of one in those days—for having "commerce with the devil." But the only truly dramatic thing in *The Devils of Loudun*, as Penderecki has arranged it, is Grandier's innocence of this charge, though he was well acquainted with sin in other carnal aspects. Meaningful audience involvement is sacrificed to a theatrical scheme in which Grandier is shown dying at the stake at the outset. Thus, there is no doubt as to the eventual resolution of the fantasies centered on Grandier in the mind of a nun of St. Ursula's Convent. These conveniently served the interests of a royal emissary from Paris who desired to bring Loudun under Louis XIII's domination and is being resisted by Grandier. The rest is a "pointing up" of schemings rather than a developing of motivations, as existed in the play.

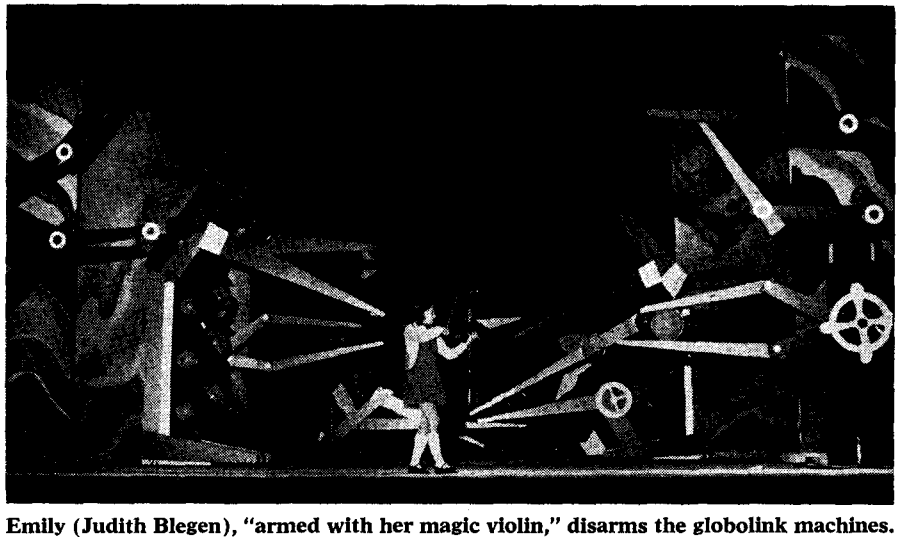
The libretto Penderecki has made shows considerable kinship with Berg's adaption of Büchner's *Wozzeck*. It progresses by short, episodic "takes," linked by a continuous undertone of sound similar to Berg's interludes. At Santa Fe there are no less than twenty-three of these scenes before the first intermission, a consequence of playing Acts I and II without a break. Of itself, this indicates something less than an ideal solution in Penderecki's plans of the human values involved. In a similar kind of medieval passion, Arthur Honegger dug deeper into religious emotions and audience response to the plight of an innocent victim in *Jeanne d'Arc au bûcher*. That some of the sentiments ("Father, forgive them") in Penderecki's product echo those of a prior martyr or two is the unfortunate penalty of dealing with the Eternal.

Inasmuch as it would be absurd to equate *The Devils of Loudun* with anything remotely operatic, the question at issue has to be: "What was he trying to do, and how well did he do it?" Taking *The Devils* in the context of the prior works which attracted worldwide attention to Penderecki, the conclusion has to be that he has a mystical, or perhaps a pathological, attraction to suffering. First there was the all-too-vivid evocation of the searing heat at ground zero in the tense, brief string work dedicated to the victims of Hiroshima; then there was the clamor and power of the *Passion According to St. Luke*; and after that the outcry of the *Dies Irae*. In his further compulsion to deal with pain and suffering (conditioned, perhaps, by a childhood in war-torn Poland), one thing distinguishes *The Devils* from its predecessors: in them, music was the dominant element; in it, music is the recessive one.

Whether this Mendelian sequence will result in a following work in which music will again be dominant, no one can say; but the evidence of *The Devils* is that Penderecki is prepared to accept an arrangement in which declamation or speech or mere noise takes precedence over music. The work begins with orchestral mutterings and ends with a combination of orchestra and voices, but, in between, music is only one element among others. This is a perfectly permissible and acceptable way of dealing with a theatrical subject, but hardly when the score calls for thirty-odd string players and other assorted elements adding to eighty or more. If there were a truly original vocal line waiting to be born, greater indulgence might be in order; but Penderecki's trend is to octave leaps and drops to make the sequence A-B-C#-D "original" by having the C# an octave lower than it would be in a simple, stepwise sequence. It reached a kind of absurdity when Phillipe, who was introduced to show Grandier's fleshy impulses, announces "I am pregnant" on a sequence beginning on a high B-flat, dropping to B-natural in the octave below, followed by the even lower F, rising to F-sharp an octave above. It doesn't sound better in the German text as *"Ich bin schwanger."*

Penderecki clearly has a problem: How to relate his impulses and his equipment—both of them formidable—to a stage procedure productive of durable results. In a long view, *The Devils* could be regarded as a first bold step along a new road rather than an insufficiently successful one on the old. That can only be determined by where his next steps take him. Those who contributed most to realizing the best of what he intended rather than the least of what he accomplished were John Reardon, at a career peak in his compelling portrait of Grandier; Joy Davidson as the afflicted Sister Jeanne, acting with impressive range as well as providing the many different vocal shadings required; and John Stewart as the emissary from Paris who pushed Grandier's fate closer to the inescapable; as were Richard Cross as the Father Barré, who supported his intentions; and William Workman as Prince Henri de Condé, a role he cre-

(*Continued on page 52*)



Emily (Judith Blegen), "armed with her magic violin," disarms the globolink machines.

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Cussin', Cryin', Gettin' It On

by ELLEN SANDER

Bonnie Bramlett (of Delaney and Bonnie) may have honed her pipes in small Southern towns where Ike and Tina Turner were the local band, and Janis Joplin may draw from the rich black roots of her Gospel blues and rave about Tina Turner on the *Dick Cavett Show*, but experiencing Tina Turner on stage, on television, or on records is breaking out the good stuff. While rhythm and blues are the spine of rock, and Gospel music spikes the latest excitement in pop, Tina Turner is still the genuine original article.

Ike and Tina Turner have recorded for several labels, and their latest release, *Cussin', Cryin', and Carryin' On* (Pompeii), is a rhythm-and-blues tour de force. The songs live up to the best of what can be expected of the artists, even for devoted fans. For others, it's as good a place as any to start.

The title cut opens the album with spirited R&B, and the album continues with more of the same, getting better and better as it goes along. The rhythm section is tight and crisp, the horns blast the action on. "Poor Little Fool" is a slower, bluesy soul ballad; "So Blue Over You" is the kind of consummate R&B which demonstrates where rock 'n' roll really begins.

While the hypothesis that rock (or blues for that matter) to be real must be black (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) has always struck me as critical bigotry, Ike and Tina Turner encompass an entertainment entity that is the essence of syncopated turbulence. That, after all, is the point of departure for good, basic black-beat rock. It's black, it's brassy, it mixes and moves.

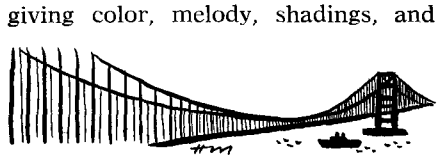
Ike Turner writes most of the songs, plays some of the instruments, and constructs the arrangements. A chorus of Ikettes provides backup voices, and Tina—she just delivers. Singing lead vocal, she's a sharp, sassy soul sister with an arresting voice and explosive presence. Her genius is in her phrasing, her raw, husky razorback voice. She strikes each note and puts a mean bite on the lyrics. Her emotional timing displays the showmanship that has made Ike and Tina Turner one of the hottest items on the entertainment market, on both the white club and soul circuits. It's quite an accomplishment to communicate to both audiences and betray neither, an accomplishment only the greats—the late Otis Redding, Aretha Franklin, Sam & Dave, James Brown, B.B. King—can boast. Good, uncompromised rhythm and blues is about the most exhilarating kind of music you can experience. Ike and Tina Turner are the *crème de la crème* of R&B, easy to enjoy and hard to beat.

It was American R&B that inspired the Beatles and The Rolling Stones in their formative stages, and they always get back to it when they've wandered too far. A long-disbanded British group, the Yardbirds, was one of the finest among second-string English R&B groups. As the musicians (particularly the guitarists) in the Yardbirds matured, they moved on to form new groups built around a characteristically British sophistication of blues virtuosity. One of them is guitarist Jeff Back, whose group continues to make rich, tempestuous, blues-based rock 'n' roll. Their second album, *Beck-Ola* (Epic), is a fine, if somewhat uneven, tribute to where they come from, a worthy offering of what they are.

The Jeff Beck Group is free and frenzied. Into their Elvis tribute, "Jailhouse Rock," they pump ingenuity and a conscious sense of roots. Their interpretation of rhythm-and-blues is distractingly complex and just barely derivative ("Plynth," on Side 2). They fall into the dismal rut of applying extravagant blues work to songs too simple for it ("Hangman's Knee").

The British blues-based rock bands are numerous, very secure in what they do, and what they do is very popular at the moment. My only complaint is that they lay it all on a bit thickly, and the Beck group is no exception. There are portions of "Rice Pudding," a seven-minute instrumental, that are delightful. The changes are bright and smooth, the ingredients are well prepared and well chosen. But it tries to say everything at once, and there are moments when it chokes on itself.

Beck is a guitarist hard to outclass, and for all his excesses I never tire of his work. He's lean and tough, and when his ideas work, his guitar lines skyrocket, sparkling through the piece, giving color, melody, shadings, and shape. He's an exasperatingly arrogant musician; his work has a touch of the aloofness that makes most jazz uninteresting to me. From the number of personality changes his group has gone through one might gather that he's a hard man to work with. When his conceptions are tempered, they're brisk and exciting; when he is flamboyant, one can only marvel at his technical skill. Even when he goes off the deep end of instrumental histrionics, it can only be called an admirable botch. *Beck-Ola* is hard, and at times rude, long on technique, short on melodic finesse. It's racy and dense, and, as hard rock goes, it's some of the most insecure I've heard, but also some of the finest.



Eric Clapton is another ex-Yardbirds guitarist who went on to better things. He was one-third of the now defunct Cream, and is now a member of a group called Blind Faith, comprised of Stevie Winwood from Traffic, Ginger Baker from Cream, and Rick Gretch from Family. They are representative of the "super-group" synergism in pop as groups grow up and break apart with the super-musicians in each combining to form new groups directly descended from their former musical identities. Blind Faith has the elements to combine more subtleties of style and execution than Beck's group or even Led Zeppelin (a British blues-rock group featuring ex-Yardbirds guitarist Jimmy Page), but they haven't learned to make it work yet. There are several cuts of surpassing beauty on *Blind Faith* (Atco), but the album as a whole lacks sufficient courage to bring home the impact of the talents it combines. "Do What You Like" is clumsy and long, but has some interesting instrumental work that might have saved the piece had they known when and where to stop. It's more than fifteen minutes long and drifts way too far, barely sustaining itself.

On Side 1, "Can't Find My Way Home" indicates the potential for beauty Blind Faith possesses. It is exciting, melodic, rich, and subtle. The instrumental textures are played off one against the other for a satisfying mixture, with generous helpings of all the qualities the group can give to a well-constructed song. Though cuts of this quality comprise only a small portion of the first Blind Faith album, it shows that they can, and will, grow to produce a more meaningful amalgamation of the musical personalities in the group. I like the idea of this group far better than the results they've produced on record. As a highly touted super-group, they've made a disappointing album debut, but the little that is good on this record makes me impatient for the next one.

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Recordings in Review

Martinon's Valedictory

RAVEL: *Rapsodie espagnole; Alborada del gracioso; Ma mère l'oye; Jean Martinon conducting the Chicago Symphony. Introduction and Allegro. Martinon conducting the Chicago Symphony with Edward Druzinsky, harp; Donald Peck, flute; and Clark Brody, clarinet.* RCA stereo, LSC 3093, $5.98.

WHEN THE Chicago Orchestra's administrators chose Desiré Defauw as successor to Frederick Stock as music director in 1943, the world's leading authority on such matters predicted it would not work out, because a "German orchestra" such as Stock had developed and a conductor of Defauw's Belgian - French background would never get along. The truth of Arthur Judson's observation was proved before half-a-dozen years had passed.

Such could hardly be said today of the orchestra Fritz Reiner reconstructed and Jean Martinon inherited. On the occasions that Martinon and the orchestra have been heard live in New York, the programing has been too diversified to prove just how well it can play French music. But this musical valedictory on the five-year career Martinon has just concluded in Chicago will stand for a long time to come as testimonial to the orchestra's greatness in one area at least.

This relates not merely to its ability to give Martinon what he desires, interpretatively, in a segment of the repertory for which he is justly celebrated, but even more to give him the specific kinds of sonorities that he deems appropriate to it. This ranges from veiled and vibrant to muffled and dense, or crisp and dry, according to Ravelian necessity. Indeed, on being exposed to this disc (in a pre-release form) without knowledge of the personnel involved, my listening puzzlement centered on the paradox: "What first-class, French-sounding orchestra could also play with the precision and brilliance of a first-class American one?" The answer, clearly, reposes in the aural atmosphere that Martinon brought with him from the banks of the Seine to the shores of Lake Michigan.

Jean Martinon—"justly celebrated."

In terms of this disc, that atmosphere may be truly termed heady, for it is uncommon even by high standards of excellence in Ravel. The pervasive quality that links the four works is clarity, a transparency of texture that reveals all, leaves nothing murky or opaque. In his liner comment on the works of the man he knew well (as a violinist and orchestral player in his younger days), Martinon says: "It is amazing how little—if at all—his music has aged." It helps, for a verdict of non-aging, to have an intermediary as capable of restoring youth and freshness as Martinon.

Those versed in recordings and the aural results therefrom will have concluded by now that the producing partnership must have worked some special magic. Credit for one of the best-sounding discs RCA has ever offered belongs to producer Joseph Habig and recording engineer Bernard Keville. This applies not only to the big sonorous imagery of *Rapsodie espagnole* but equally to the intimate, beautifully detailed solo vignettes of the Introduction and Allegro.

Semkov on Scriabin

SCRIABIN: *Symphony No. 2. Georg Semkov conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.* Columbia stereo, MS 7285, $5.98.

IT IS A boon for Scriabin fanciers (of whom there are more about than may be generally recognized) that there is a conductor of Georg Semkov's capabilities to plead his sometimes less-than-airtight case. For the most part, those who take on this or that work out of a sense of obligation to a man who had more genius than talent tend to minimize the consequential and accentuate the obvious.

No such solecisms can be detected in Semkov's treatment here of the work which he conducted in several cities during his recent initial guest engagements in the United States. Even in the first movement, in which Scriabin's method is less secure than it gradually grows to be in the succeeding sections, he is at pains to accentuate—subtly and in no way obviously—how Scriabin's way differs from those who had done somewhat the same things previously. If he fails always to make his point, it is not for lack of perception, but for want of the musical means with which to be convincing.

In the warmly expressive Andante—by much the best section of the work, to this taste—Semkov sustains both mood and line beautifully. Unfortunately for the total effect of the symphony, the ending lets down what had preceded, with an inevitable sense of non-conclusiveness. To judge from the response Semkov arouses from the London Philharmonic, he has as much influence on orchestral musicians as he has on the singers with whom he has recorded opera, and should be heard from regularly. The sound is open and clear without overplaying sonority for sonority's sake.

Frick auf Der Jagd

SILCHER: *"Droben im Oberland."* WERNER: *"Heideröslein"; "Begrüssung"*; "Auf, Auf zum fröhlichen Jagen"; "Hunderuf"*; "Ein Jäger aus Kurpfalz"; "Ich ging durch einen grasgrünen Wald"; "Es blies ein Jäger wohl in sein Horn"; "Wagenruf"*; "Der weisse Hirsch"; "Waldhornlied"; "Wer hat dich, du Schöner Wald"; "Ein Schütz bin ich"; "Im grünen Wald, da wo die Drossel singt"; "Ein Tiroler wollte jagen"; "Aufbruch zum Jagen"*; "Im Wald und auf der Heide"; "Sau tot"*; "Ich schiess den Hirsch im wilden Forst"; "Das grosse Halali"*;* and *"So scheiden wir mit Sang und Klang." Gottlob Frick, basso; with Konrad and Heinrich Alfing, Erich Penzel,* and *Josef Bähr, horns; the Mühlacker Hunting Horn Ensemble; Peter Schwarz, zither; the Bielefeld Youth Choir; Bavarian State Opera Chorus; Helmut Reger conducting the Graunke Symphony Orchestra; and Gerd Berg conducting the Detmold Chamber Orchestra.* Angel stereo, S-36610, $5.98. (*Indicates a hunting signal.)

THOSE WHO have enjoyed Gottlob Frick as Caspar in *Der Freischütz*, Landgrave Hermann in *Tannhäuser*, or even Hagen in *Götterdämmerung* (among other hunt-minded operatic characters) will need no assurance of his fitness for the task indicated above. The assurance they will require, rather, is whether the task is fit for the kind of competence he brings to it.

The answer to that, regretfully, must be equivocal. It is all interesting, in the sense that no record similar or quite like it has come to attention

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Leon Kirchner—"a creative effort to realize a creative purpose."

previously. There have been records of hunt calls, and Richard Tauber, among others, is one who has recorded "Im Wald und auf der Heide" (with its "*heileh, heiloh*" refrain arousing echoes of Berg's chorus in Act II of *Wozzeck*). But a combination of the two has considerable inbuilt appeal.

Presumably arranger Christfried Bickenbach has researched the subject thoroughly and selected the most engaging specimens he could find. If so, it would appear that there is just not enough arousing material to be worth Frick's kind of vocal talent or his artistic time. Too many are of the simple chordal character akin to the post-Storm "Song of Thanksgiving" in Beethoven's *Pastoral* Symphony. The quality improves considerably about midway on Side 2, and is sustained through to the end—if there are those who will be drawn to it by this promise.

Somewhat involved with the less than wholly satisfactory outcome are the arrangements of Bickenbach. What with violins and children's choruses, an occasional bird song and symphony orchestra background, it gets to be rather cluttered, aurally, for my taste. Less arty settings and a more authentic woodland atmosphere might have served the simple material better. For his part, Frick serves it all perfectly, but he cannot invent what is not present or disengage himself from that which is.

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The New Quartet Player

In a time when any order of activity must have a prefatory "new" to merit consideration—i.e., the "new" left, the "new" politics, etc.—there seems to be developing a need for a "new" musician. By the evidence of the works contained on a new Columbia disc (stereo, MS 7284, $5.98), he must be willing to accept a tape as an equal partner, thus making a new kind of quintet of the "old" quartet, if he is willing to follow Leon Kirchner's lead; or he must convert himself into a kind of counting machine, if he acquires a fancy for Henry Weinberg's Quartet No. 2.

To be sure, the utilization of taped information (to provide it with its properly scientific name) as an adjunct to, or a soloist with, a conventional ensemble is not all that new (there's that word again). The Dutch Henk Badings did it day before yesterday, the Ussachevsky-Luening team has included it in their ruminations as a matter of course, and it has even come under concert hall scrutiny in the esthetic of Stockhausen (among others).

Kirchner's endeavor strikes me as somewhat more probing and, in a limited sense, more productive than those of most predecessors. That is to say, he has obviously undertaken to arrive at a new (pardon!) formulation of the quartet in which the sonorous extremes available by electronic means are utilized to strengthen, enlarge, and extend the registers available to the composer working with two violins, viola, and cello. Whether this can be realized as part of a valid creative concept rather than merely as a source of novel content is the point at issue.

In the present state of my listener awareness and reaction to so unconventional a sound source, I confess to finding in this project much of what Kirchner describes in his notes as "a certain listener's fatigue . . . it could be boredom" with even "an exemplary electronic piece" by others. This, if I interpret him correctly, he has sought to overcome in his own work by combining "instruments with electronic sounds and filters. The instrumental qualities are then somehow reflected, extended, and enlarged." But there is that old bugaboo, for me, still: the impersonality of the electronic sound, its persistency in tinging—after awhile—almost any context in which it is utilized with the mawkish assault of a horror sound track. I honor Kirchner for a creative effort to realize a creative purpose and hope that I can, someday, hear it as he does. But I wonder when?

The players of the Beaux-Arts Quartet (Charles Libove and Bernard Eichen, violins; John Graham, viola; and Bruce Rogers, cello) perform their part of this Pulitzer Prize-winning work (1967) with devotion, fine tone, and what sounds to be a real sense of re-creative participation.

Weinberg's quest for a new result leads not only to (in his own words) "the replacement of the usual three or four closed movements by twelve interconnected short ones," but also by "uninterruptedly shifting textures, constant changes of tempo, and elastic rhythmic movements" which allow "the sense of continuity to operate subliminally." Proceeding from the intention to its execution, Weinberg states: "The flexibility of rhythmic flow in my Quartet is controlled subliminally by an enlarged system of rhythm. The rhythm of individual lines and of the ensemble result from combinations drawn from the simultaneous occurrence of the beats of many different tempi." The uneven and interrupted sequences of sound that result are the basis of my reference to its players (Matthew Raimondi and Anahid Ajemian, violins; Bernard Zaslav, viola; and Seymour Barab, cello) as "counting machines."

It is Weinberg's hope that he has created in this Naumburg Foundation Award work (1967) "a meaningful totality—one that will reveal more of its detail with each hearing." At my first three hearings I was still in dogged pursuit of an ear-line relating one splash of sonority to the next, determined—if I possibly could—to ascertain the basis for Weinberg's "challenge to the listener." That is "not only relating contiguous sections, but of cross-relating backward and forward to everything else." If Weinberg has, in fact, achieved *that*, he has achieved a musical result. It is reassuring at least to know that he accepts the *need* for such interrelationship, and includes a listener among his calculations. The Composers Quartet, as it calls itself, goes about its task with composure, good sound, and unanimity of purpose. More than that I cannot say, save to praise the recording also.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Orchestral LPs

Data	Report
Bassett: Variations for Orchestra. Radio Zurich Symphony Orchestra conducted by Jonathan Sternberg. **Donovan:** Passacaglia on Vermont Folk Tunes; *Epos.* Polish National Radio Orchestra, Jan Krenz conducting. CRI stereo, SD 203, $5.95.	The addition of the Bassett Variations to the list of other Pulitzer Prize winners on records is a contribution to the documentation of that series for which the American Academy of Arts and Letters and the National Institute of Arts and Letters are entitled to grateful thanks. It identifies Bassett as a composer of decided competence and imaginative powers whose concept of "variations" is both original and stimulating. To some extent it relates to germ cells and tonal colorations more than to thematic elaboration (he professes not to be concerned with thematic matter in any ordinary sense), but the structure that evolves is sizable, in any case. Donovan, working with materials clearly related to those emerging from his past, has created a fresh-sounding, aurally absorbing reworking of the passacaglia procedure. It has considerable architectural appeal, as well as a pervasive character of its own that parallels, without in any way being indebted to, certain works of Vaughan Williams. *Epos,* which precedes it, also conveys Donovan's devotion to substance rather than easy effect. Sternberg's leadership of the Bassett is expert, clarifying, and explicit; Krenz's of the Donovan works not quite as serviceable to the composer's purpose. Both mark a continuation in the upgrading of recorded quality for this label.
Dessau: *In Memoriam Bertolt Brecht*; Bach Variations. Paul Dessau conducting the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra. Philips stereo, PHS 900-208, $5.98.	Best known here as the musical collaborator in Brecht's *Mother Courage,* Dessau's output has had little attention otherwise (save for the production of his Brecht-derived *Lukullus* at the Juilliard a few years ago). This is not only a special reason for greeting this coupling, but an occasion for directing attention of performing groups to Dessau's output and its interests. In the works herein offered, those interests are variable, for his idiom bears some becoming accustomed to. That is not to say Dessau is an obscurantist or disposed to veil his meanings. Rather, it is the skill with which he manipulates his materials and the variations on common practices in which he indulges that point to a need for repeated hearing. There are ample justifications for this in what emerges from the first two. Dessau has more than a little background as a conductor, and it serves him well in conjunction with the excellent orchestra.
Kraft: *Contextures: Riots—Decade '60*; Concerto for Percussion and Orchestra. Zubin Mehta conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. **Copland:** *Lincoln Portrait.* Mehta and the Los Angeles Philharmonic; with Gregory Peck, speaker. London stereo, CS 6613, $5.98.	To write the "concerto" part of a percussion work is no great problem, especially for one—such as Kraft—whose vocation is playing the timpani in an orchestra. The question is, rather, what does one do with the orchestra while the timpani is being expounded? On the whole, Kraft has succeeded best in the lighter, more lyric sections, where he can utilize to advantage a considerable sense of delicate sonorities and swift-moving patterns. In the necessary sections of contrast, Kraft inclines to outbursts and interjections that are superficially vigorous, but lack real intellectual drive. The later *Contextures* fulfills the implications of its subtitle ("Riots—Decade '60"), which is decidedly "percussionable." It is all put together with a sure hand, for Kraft is at all times keenly aware of what he is doing with sonorities. What I listen for, but do not hear enough of, is an idea-tional pattern to relate the sonorities to each other. The recording, incidentally, is worthy of Honegger's *Pacific 231* or Mossolov's *Iron Foundry.* Mehta makes a magnificent clamor where it is appropriate, but is also capable of delicacy in its place. Peck's competition among Lincoln speakers, currently, comes from Adlai Stevenson and Charlton Heston, each of whom has a flavor of his own. That may be said of Peck also, though it is more that of a man with a beautiful voice enunciating words clearly and mellifluously than of a President agonizing over the plight of his people. Mehta delivers a highly polished, well-phrased performance of Copland's score. Of its kind it is excellent, though I prefer the voice of the late Carl Sandburg and what Andre Kostelanetz did with the orchestral part in their pioneering version together.
Pergolesi: *L'Olimpiade* (Overture). **Handel:** *Il Pastor Fido* (Overture). **Grétry:** *Le Jugement de Midas* (Overture). **Scarlatti:** Sinfonia in B. **Rameau:** *Pygmalion* (Overture). **Bononcini:** *Polifemo* (Overture). **Sacchini:** *Oedipe à Colone* (Overture). **Méhul:** *La Chasse du Jeune Henri* (Overture). Raymond Leppard conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra. Philips stereo, PHS 900-235, $5.98.	This is a collection far more notable for inclusiveness than exclusivity: that is to say, not everything is of equal quality, but everything is worth hearing and having. This applies especially to the Grétry Overture, the Scarlatti Sinfonia (a rare instance, on records, of an instrumental work by him not for a keyboard instrument), and Méhul's *La Chasse du Jeune Henri.* Handel's *Il Pastor Fido* music is a known quality, and welcome whenever available. Leppard, who is harpsichordist for these performances as well as conductor, is an excellent scholar and skilled leader. There is a variation, in interpretative quality, from one work to another, but the norm is never less than good. This is one of those records to buy and put away, for its life in the catalogue is not likely to be prolonged, and when it is gone, the matter on it will go also. Excellent recording.
Smetana: *Bartered Bride* (Overture). **Weinberger:** Polka and Fugue (*Schwanda*). **Dvorák:** *Carnival Overture.* **Mendelssohn:** *Fingal's Cave Overture.* **Strauss:** "Dance of the Seven Veils" (*Salome*). Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Victrola stereo, VICS 1424, $2.50.	In addition to the expectably high quality of orchestral performance embodied in them, these reissues bear exceptional testimonial to the quality of re-creative art Reiner was achieving in the 1954-57 period that they represent. This may be noted, successively, in the uncommon definition of basses, etc. in the *Bartered Bride* Overture, the seemingly perversely leisurely tempo in the Weinberger Fugue (which only enhances its climax), the subtlety and finesse of the *Carnival Overture,* the surpassingly imaginative *Fingal's Cave* (with every resonant wave overlapping the other), and, of course, the completely controlled, sinuously exciting "Dance of the Seven Veils." One would have to search far among orchestral records originating these days to find a comparable quality in so diverse a miscellany of styles as that represented here. Early but satisfactory stereo. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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The Other Side

Thomas Heinitz

Berlioz in the Strand; Songs by Prince Albert

FOLLOWING a comparative lull in June, when there was only one all-Berlioz concert on the centenary front (Régine Crespin and the Orchestre de l'RTF under Jean Martinon in Royal Festival Hall), the opening of the Promenade Concerts with the *Grande Messe des Morts* under Colin Davis's direction has served to demonstrate that the French not only care less than we do for one of their few composers of real genius, but also tend to perform his music less well than do their British counterparts.

Before this reaches print, Davis will also have directed a concert version of *Béatrice et Bénédict*, *Le Damnation de Faust* will be staged by Sadler's Wells under the musical direction of Charles Mackerras, and Covent Garden will be preparing for its mid-September opening with the first of eight performances of *Les Troyens*. Once again the conductor will be Colin Davis, and the project will eventually appear on discs bearing the Philips label.

Previously, Berlioz's great musical idol, Gluck, held sway at the Royal Opera, where Solti directed a new production of *Orfeo* with the talented and personable young Australian mezzo, Yvonne Minton, in the title role. Though sung in Italian, it incorporated much of the additional music Gluck wrote for the French version in order to involve the Royal Ballet more fully in this venture. The performance lacked stylistic consistency due to Solti's fundamentally romantic approach and Miss Minton's want of power and solidity in the lower reaches of her voice. Nevertheless, there was a great deal to enjoy, both musically and visually, whereas the earlier revival of Verdi's *Macbeth*, marking the Covent Garden debut of soprano Elena Suliotis, was an occasion best forgotten save as a warning that exceptionally high seat prices offer no guarantee of commensurate artistic rewards. True, the title role was admirably sung and acted by the Greek baritone, Kostas Paskalis, but Miss Suliotis—whose singing in the Decca recording of *Nabucco* a few years ago suggested a major talent in the making—had little to offer save some exceptionally loud notes in certain parts of her voice and a fairly striking physical presence. Of genuine musical or histrionic ability, she failed to provide any convincing evidence.

In the sphere of recorded music, much the most important news of recent weeks was the complete abandonment by all Britain's record manufacturers of Resale Price Maintenance. Although the law abolishing RPM as a general principle was passed by Parliament more than five years ago (under the last Conservative Administration), an amendment had been incorporated to placate certain commercial interests under which a judicial tribunal would decide whether particular industries might be allowed, in the public interest, to continue to operate RPM. Throughout these years the major record manufacturers, acting in concert, repeatedly declared their intention to put their case before this tribunal and purported to be confident of success. The hearings in question were scheduled for the coming autumn, but they will not take place now since the companies have decided "on legal advice" to withdraw their application and henceforth comply with the provisions of the 1964 act.

Since the record industry's case for continuing RPM was probably as strong as any (the average price of discs had been steadily diminishing over the past decade, rising rates of purchase tax had gradually whittled down retailers' profits, and any cut-price creaming off of pop-disc sales by drugstores and supermarkets would inevitably put a high proportion of specialist record shops out of business), it now appears that the setting up of the tribunal was little more than a piece of political chicanery. Its creation allayed the fears of the business community, but its terms of reference can now be seen to have been so loaded—requiring proof positive that the continuance of RPM would operate in the public interest—as to ensure that no one might be allowed to escape.

What the long-term outcome will actually be, only time can tell; certainly the audio field, where RPM ceased some while ago, is no real guide since those who seek to buy equipment generally need expert advice, specialist technical help, and after-sales service. Even here, however, plenty of cheapjacks are sure to flourish at the expense of those who seek to provide a genuine service to the public, and, with records, the situation could easily become much more serious since present margins of less than 25 per cent already make it difficult for shops to keep a comprehensive selection of classical discs on their shelves. Already on the day following the manufacturers' announcement, the national press carried front-page stories of price slashing by several chains of shops. Along with recent, disturbing accounts that some manufacturers were engaged in surreptitious cut-price "dumping" of surplus stocks, record retailing as we have known it in the past may well be in the melting pot, with long-term consequences from which the industry as a whole can hardly hope to remain immune.

After a barren period, EMI has come up with a fairly substantial release for this month, containing among other things a number of Russian-made recordings. Tchaikovsky's First Symphony is played by the U.S.S.R. Symphony Orchestra under Svetlanov (the disc also containing some pieces by Liadov); two further albums by the same orchestra and conductor, both of them admirable, offer Rachmaninoff's First Symphony and his *Isle of the Dead*, the latter coupled with Scriabin's extraordinarily eclectic *Poem of Ecstasy*.

Last, from Argo, we have a program of early nineteenth-century German songs which may well delight many listeners by their undoubted melodious charm, besides providing a rich fund of suitable material for collectors who like to subject family and friends to musical guessing games. For this music was composed, mainly in his late teens and early twenties, by Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha who later became Queen Victoria's Prince Consort. The timing of this issue may not be wholly unconnected with the recent Investiture of Britain's cello-playing heir apparent as Prince of Wales, but the music, excellently sung by members of the Purcell Consort and beautifully recorded, is attractive enough not to require any extra-musical reasons in order to arouse our interest.

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report	
Bach: "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring"; "Nun komm' der Heiden Heiland"; "Ich ruf' zu dir, Herr Jesu Christ"; "Siciliana" (from Sonata in E flat); and Partita No. 1. **Mozart:** Sonata No. 8 in A minor. Dinu Lipatti, piano. Odyssey mono, 32 16 0320, $2.98.	Columbia has acted both expediently and wisely in offering this reissue of a reissue in the form in which it circulated as ML 4633 (the LP form of the prior 78s). That is to say, there has been no attempt to impose stereophony techniques on it, with the result that Lipatti's beautiful sense of sonority may be heard in all its authentic richness. It follows, then, that his musicality, finesse, and urgency to communicate retain all their distinctive appeal, whether he is	playing the Hess version of "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," the Kempff transcription of the "Siciliana," or the Busonized "Ich ruf' zu dir" and "Nun komm'." As for the Partita, it merits comparison with the one and only by Gieseking, which puts it in an exclusive class indeed. Though nearly twenty years have passed since Lipatti's death in 1950, there has been no more beautiful performance of this Mozart Sonata (also in the two-disc *Last Recital* on Angel 3566).
Bach: "Air" (from the Suite in D); Minuet in G; "Largo" (from Harpsichord Concerto No. 5); "Gavotte" (from *English Suite* No. 3); Fugue in C (*Well-Tempered Clavier*); Two-Part Inventions Nos. 1 and 13; "Little" Fugue in G minor; "Bourrée" in B minor (from Partita No. 1 for violin); Minuet in G minor; Prelude No. 2 (from set of six); "Siciliano" (from Sonata No. 2). Tadao Sawai and Kazue Sawai, kotos; Hozan Yamamoto, shakuhachi; Sandanori Nakamure, guitar; Tatsuro Takimoto, bass; and Takeshi Inomata, drums. Victrola stereo, VICS 1458, $2.50.	So much Bach has been performed in public in Japan and listened to at home from records during the last four decades that it is hardly surprising that it now is considered local property. However, the demonstration of that possessiveness in these arrangements by Norio Maeda falls into the dubious area of either going too far or not going far enough. That is to say, when it utilizes the shakuhachi, a Far Eastern cousin of the recorder, the pleasing sound cannot be controlled on the pitches, as good Bach playing should; on the other hand, when it undertakes to put a beat into the B-minor "Bourrée" (among others) it	doesn't swing even a little bit, coming out rather square and stiff. There are several items in which the koto's resemblance to a cembalo sound is put to very agreeable use, producing a hybrid combining the best of both cultures. But if a Stuff Smith and a Stephane Grappelly could swing out on a sharply shaded version of the Bach Double Concerto for violins in the Thirties, surely it is time for their Japanese counterparts to make something new as well as different in their treatments. Incidentally, why refer to the "Air" from the D-major Suite as the "Air on the G string" when there isn't a G string anywheres around?
Brahms: Chorale Preludes: "Mein Jesu" (Op. 122, No. 1), "Es ist ein Ros' entsprungen" (Op. 122, No. 8), "Herzlich tut mich erfreuen" (Op. 122, No. 4), and "Herzlich tut mich verlangen" (Op. 122, No. 10). Simon Preston, organ. Motets: "Warum ist das Licht gegeben," "O Heiland, reiss die Himmel auf," "Es ist das Heil uns kommen her," "Ich aber bin elend," "Ach, arme Welt," and "Wenn wir in höchsten Nöten sein"; and "Geistliches Lied" (Op. 30). New English Singers; with Simon Preston, director and organist. Argo stereo, ZRG 571, $5.95.	Clearly Simon Preston (see entry under Walton) is musician of the month, lifted from undeserved obscurity—in this country—to well-deserved identity by courtesy of two excellent recordings. This one is something even the most devoted Brahmsian could hardly expect: a well-balanced sampling of the chorale preludes and motets, presented in a sequence that affords variety of content within unity of mood (other treatments of either the vocal or the organ works are restricted to unvarying performances of one or the other). In addition, the	interpretations are on a consistently high level of excellence. For my taste, the organ selections are the high spots of each side, with Preston putting to admirable employment an unidentified but clear-sounding instrument. The motets are also performed with high professionalism, but the material tends somewhat to the repetitious. Fine reproduction in all instances.
Brahms: *Hungarian Dances* (Nos. 1-10). **Dvorák:** *Slavonic Dances.* Bracha Eden and Alexander Tamir, piano four hands. London stereo, CS 6614, $5.98.	Both sides of this disc are resplendent examples of pianistic collaboration, faultless in ensemble, precise in dynamic interrelationship. Less good is the application of the means at their command to the needs of the music. Rather than playing to the intimacy and informality of the writing—as do the versions in which Walter Klien participates—there is some inclination to make concerty, pub-	lic-platform statements of them. This is rather more so in the Brahms set than the Dvorák, possibly because it is more thickly written. The more lightly, brightly scored Dvorák dances are, for the most part, beautifully performed, especially those whose fast patterns benefit from the kind of articulation the Eden-Tamir fingers can provide. The reproduction is uncommonly good.
Poulenc: *Suite française*; Three Novelettes; *Mouvements perpétuels*; Three Nocturnes; Presto in B flat; Pastourelle; Toccata; and Valse. Gabriel Tacchino, piano. Angel stereo, S-36602, $5.98.	To all present appearances, Tacchino is a performer with a vocation—which is to say, with more than a speciality. That vocation is the French piano music of the last five or six decades. To be sure, his phonographic exposure has thus far been centered on the works of Poulenc (the *Aubade* for piano and eighteen instruments, and the Concerto for piano and orchestra previously), but there is so much of everybody else in these piano pieces that his credentials for performing Ravel and Debussy—in that order—may be taken as "proved" (in the legal sense). This is not to discredit even	slightly Poulenc's own personal accent and idiom, which is clearly apparent—and enjoyable—throughout, but simply to put him in the context from which that accent and idiom derive. Those who know the *Mouvements perpétuels* will find that everything else flows forward from that source; those who have not yet encountered these likable works of 1918 (a date, like that of every other piece, missing from the otherwise informative notes of Robert T. Jones) will find themselves with a diverting experience for the asking. Tacchino contributes mightily to both the diversion and the experience.
Walton: *Crown Imperial.* **Clarke:** *Prince of Denmark's March.* **Handel:** "Dead March" (*Saul*). **Elgar:** *Imperial March.* **Purcell:** Trumpet Tune. **Vierne:** "Final" (Symphony No. 1). **Wagner:** "Pilgrim's Chorus" (*Tannhäuser*). **Guilmant:** March on a Theme of Handel. **Schumann:** Study No. 5. **Karg-Elert:** *Marche Triomphale.* Simon Preston performing on the organ of Westminster Abbey. Argo stereo, ZRG 5448, $5.95.	As a sampling of the contents will suggest, "miscellaneous" could have no apter exemplification. However, amid the grandeur and the groanings of the huge interest, there are some stretches of performance highly creditable to organist Simon Preston. Among these are the feelingful treatment of the "Dead March," a work of greater profundity than the sparseness of its notes would seem to make possible; Purcell's Trumpet Tune; and the quieter stretches of	the Wagner Chorus. The marches are also ably performed, especially Walton's *Crown Imperial.* However, Vierne's "Final" is such a clutter of crossing voices that clarity of line all but disappears. The present Abbey organ dates from 1937 and is decidedly better than its predecessor. Save when the sound volume is greater than even today's techniques can contend with, the reproduction is full of imposing swell. —I.K.

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More Tape Recorders I Have Known and Loved

Tape recording, as I said back in June, is the most interesting aspect of hi-fi for me, because there's so much more to it than mere listening. I've recorded live music for broadcast, for archives, for artists' demos, for film sound tracks, and for my own enjoyment. I've produced two phonograph albums (in small issues which were bought by the performers). I've recorded off Off-Broadway plays, and done extensive sound-effects collages for them. I've taken notes, dictated articles, and done experimental radio commercials. And more—yet I've hardly scratched the surface of what tape can do.

Consequently, I've used, enjoyed, and kept more tape recorders than all other audio components put together. So many, in fact, that it is taking me two articles to describe them all.

1964: Uher 4000-S—By 1964, I was doing lots of theater sound-effects work, and I needed a battery-operated portable with true high fidelity. The only choices then available were the thoroughly professional, thoroughly heavy, and thoroughly expensive (about $1,000) Nagra, and the smaller, lighter Uher 4000 Report-S (about $400).

The Uher had almost everything: four speeds (from 7½-ips for true high-fidelity to 15/16-ips for long-term speech recording), built-in reel locks, and a high-fidelity directional microphone with a built-in windscreen. It operated from regular flashlight batteries, its own rechargeable battery, or an AC power pack that doubled as a battery recharger. And its microphone cable locked in place, so it wouldn't accidentally unplug while you were recording.

Its disadvantages were few: Its weight (about eight pounds, with tape and battery) became objectionable after an hour or so on my shoulder. It took two switches to turn it completely off, and if I forgot one, the battery ran down. And the headphone jack was a Continental, not a U.S., type (so I installed a U.S. jack myself).

It was a lovely machine, and I'd be using it today had it not been stolen (Serial number 186499, should anybody know its whereabouts). It has since been replaced by the Uher 4000 Report-L, with a quieter motor, a three-digit tape counter, and a few other detail improvements. There's also a ¼-track stereo version now (the 4400), with a ½-track stereo machine (the 4200) available in Canada and Europe.

1967: Knight-Kit KG-415, and Heathkit-Magnecord 1020—As I began to make fewer original tapes, and to listen more and more to commercial tape recordings, I needed a ¼-track stereo recorder—and so built myself two of them from kits.

One, the Knight-Kit KG-415 was built around a Viking three-head transport, which is nearly as easy to use for editing as my old Magnecord was. The electronic section went together easily, divided as it was into six plug-in printed circuit modules.

Performance was excellent. But the VU meters were too widely spaced for convenient monitoring, and the monitor level control system was awkward.

The Heathkit AD-16 version of the Magnecord 1020 was more fun to build, largely because its three-motor transport had to be assembled (unlike the Knight-Kit's pre-assembled transport)—and I enjoy mechanical assembly more than wiring.

The Heathkit/Magnecord takes an 8¼" reel, holding about 1½ times as much tape as the standard 7" reels that are the maximum size for most machines.

Like my Tapesonic, this tape deck has pushbutton solenoid controls, so I can start and stop it with a timer, to tape off the air when I'm not home. I like the "cue" button that lets me check where I am when fast-winding or rewinding tapes, but eliminates headwear and "monkey chatter" when the button's not depressed.

Unfortunately—and again, as on my old Tapesonic—the tape shut-off switch just turns the motor off at the end of the tape, without canceling the pushbuttons and putting the recorder into "stop" mode. As a consequence, if I thread one tape immediately after rewinding another, the machine restarts in rewind mode while the tape is still half-threaded—and whips the tape end out of my hand.

1968: Tandberg 64x—This was the second solid-state Tandberg, and the first with a cross-field head. It was short on features, but long on performance. So good was its reputation, in fact, that I couldn't resist the chance to try one out, though I didn't really need one. Its reputation is well earned. It records and plays back more cleanly than any other recorder that I own.

Though VU-type meters are easier to manufacture with solid-state circuits, Tandberg has retained its well-known "Magic-eye" recording indicators—and with reason. These Magic-eyes give a truer indication of recording levels than do VU meters, especially when recording speech; conventional VU meters are preferable only where levels have to be standardized for broadcast or dubbing work.

1968: The Ampex 2100—Unlike most of my other tape machines, this is a complete recorder, not a deck. And unlike all of my other machines, it's self-reversing (which is why I got it). When the first side of the tape is over, the Ampex reverses the tape and plays the second side. (The 2100 also has an automatic loading feature.) I now listen to pre-recorded tapes about as much as I do to records, and I appreciate the convenience of auto-reversing.

For the first few months after I moved to my new apartment last year, the Ampex was my only source of music, till I could get the whole stereo system unpacked and set up. I discovered that the 2100's slide-on speakers are remarkably good, as tape recorders go (though as furniture, they're not very attractive). Ampex sells them separately as the Model 813, at $30 *the pair*—certainly a bargain.

The Ampex is a good machine for playing pre-recorded tapes. The convenience of auto-reversal and auto-loading make it easier to use than any turntable for single albums (no turntable, today, will play both sides of a record in sequence—save, perhaps, the Seeburg fifty-record changer). The Ampex's high-frequency response is a bit soft, compared to the Tandberg's, but still eminently listenable. But the rewind and fast forward leave a great deal to be desired. What's more, to rewind and rehear a passage in the middle of the tape, you have to go through an annoying sequence of six steps—only to repeat them if you haven't rewound far enough.

Of course, these are just reel-to-reel recorders. But my experiences with cassettes, and with the four-track, eight-track, and Revere/Wollensak cartridge systems will have to await another article. —Ivan Berger.

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Recordings Reports:

Jazz LPs

Data	Report	
George Benson: *Tell It Like It Is.* Benson, guitar; with bands of eleven and twelve pieces arranged and conducted by Marty Sheller. A&M stereo, SP-3020, $5.79.	Benson's considerable talent as a jazz and blues guitarist is audible here from time to time, but appalling arrangements often smother it beneath contemporary clichés and banalities. Although there is no indication of the fact on the liner,	there are vocals on three titles, presumably by Benson. A band personnel is given, but in such a way that it is impossible to identify the culprit responsible for the chicken saxophone on "Jama Joe."
Bunny Berigan, Bud Freeman, Jess Stacy, Joe Sullivan: *Swing Classics.* Berigan, trumpet, with quintet; Freeman, tenor saxophone and clarinet, with quintet; Stacy, piano, in trio; Sullivan, piano. Prestige stereo, 7646, $4.98.	One of the outstanding trumpet players of the Swing Era, Berigan is featured here in eight titles originally made for release in Britain. In overall conception, his solos sound classic today, and they are enhanced by drive, expressive lip vibrato, and broad, warm tone. On the first session, he is supported by Bud	Freeman, whose clarinet solos are as appealing as those on tenor saxophone. Stacy and Sullivan, the best white pianists of the time, respectively illustrate the influences of Earl Hines and Fats Waller, most notably in their versions of "Barrelhouse" and "Honeysuckle Rose."
Benny Carter: *1933.* Carter, alto saxophone, clarinet, trumpet, vocal, and arranger; with septet and bands of eleven and thirteen pieces. Prestige stereo, 7643, $4.98.	Carter has always been one of the most respected musicians in jazz, and this collection from 1933 shows why. It contains good examples not only of his arranging ("Symphony in Riffs" and "Lonesome Nights") and alto saxophone ("Krazy Kapers" and "Swing It"), but also of his trumpet ("Once Upon a Time") and clarinet ("Synthetic Love"). Unusual circumstances undoubtedly account for his three vocals, which have rather less to commend them. Besides his, there are attractive solos by Teddy	Wilson, Max Kaminsky, Chu Berry, J. C. Higginbotham, George Washington, and Johnny Russell. Despite excellent arrangements, and the high standards of musicianship Carter demanded and maintained, his big bands never achieved the success they deserved. Few sessions have produced four performances to equal those from the last on this record. As a soloist, Carter can also be heard to advantage on two other sets in Prestige's valuable Historical Series: 7604 and 7633.
Rusty Dedrick: *Harold Arlen in Hollywood.* Dedrick, trumpet, flügelhorn, and arranger; with fifteen-piece band. Monmouth-Evergreen stereo, MES-6918, $4.79.	Like Hoagy Carmichael, whose album on the same label was reviewed in June, Arlen has made a big contribution to the jazz repertoire as a composer. From a jazz viewpoint, the songs chosen here do not fully illustrate this, but that was probably not the intention. Nor is Dedrick's so graceful and artistic a tribute as Bob Wilber's was to Carmichael. The arrangements tend to be fussy and con-	trived (the introduction to "That Old Black Magic" is excusable only as a put-on), and the electronic "rock-si-chord" and Arnie Lawrence's saxophone style are inappropriate in the context. However, the group's potential is realized in a pleasingly voiced performance of "One More for the Road" at slow tempo, and Wilber adds tasteful solos on soprano saxophone.
Thad Jones and Mel Lewis: *Monday Night.* Jones, flügelhorn, arranger, and conductor; Lewis, drums; with fifteen-piece band. Solid State stereo, SS-18048, $5.98.	The brilliant recording quality is a commendable achievement in the Village Vanguard's narrow confines, and the band plays with authority throughout. The crushing power of the ensemble occasionally suggests a need for a second bass and foundation notes that would permit freer rein to Richard Davis's virtuosity. Except for Bob Brookmeyer's imaginative treatment of "St. Louis Blues," all the arrangements are by Thad Jones, whose flügelhorn solos are among	the group's major assets. Trombonist Jimmy Knepper has a striking chorus on "Kids Are Pretty People," Richard Williams (trumpet) and Seldon Powell (tenor saxophone) shine on the concluding blues, and Roland Hanna contributes intelligently everywhere despite an inadequate piano. The arrangements often account for the impression that the band is self-consciously busy, something that could be avoided with more judicious programing.
Jimmy Smith and Wes Montgomery: *Further Adventures.* Smith, organ; Montgomery, guitar; Grady Tate, drums; Ray Barretto, percussion; and, on one track, five woodwinds and eight brass. Verve stereo, V6-8766, $5.98. **Jimmy Smith:** *The Boss.* Smith, organ; George Benson (Nathan Page on one track), guitar; Donald Bailey, drums. Verve stereo, V6-8770, $5.98.	Montgomery and Smith are not in an especially venturesome mood, but a slow, brooding "Maybe September" is worth hearing. A fair amount of routine excitement is engendered on "OGD" and on the band track, "Milestones," where Oliver Nelson's score is very well played. In the other set, Benson is more inspired than in his own album (see above), although he is allotted too little space. He and	Smith benefit in their solos from the sympathetic accompaniment each gives the other on the comfortable tempo of "Some of My Best Friends Are Blues," and there are several good choruses on "Tuxedo Junction." Elsewhere, the organist's seeming determination to live up to the album's title results in a good deal of musical braggadocio.
Ralph Sutton: *On Sunnie's Side of the Street.* Sutton, piano; Ruby Braff, cornet; Milt Hinton, bass; Mousey Alexander, drums. Blue Angel stereo, CD-5015, $5.00. (Obtainable from Ray Avery's Rare Records, 415 East Broadway, Glendale, California 91205.)	Recorded live in Sutton's Aspen club, this informal set of seven superior jazz standards ("Someday Sweetheart," "I Found a New Baby," "Can't We Be Friends," etc.) is warmly enjoyable. There is an excellent understanding between cornetist and pianist, and the performances unfold with relaxed, story-	telling logic except when bass and drum solos are allowed to continue too long. The groove established in the last choruses of "St. Louis Blues" is exceptional, and it is to be hoped that the compatible talents of Braff and Sutton will again be united—and displayed on record—in the near future.
University of Illinois Jazz Band: *In Champaign-Urbana.* Century stereo, 33132. *In Stockholm, Sweden.* Twenty-four-piece led by John Garvey. Century mono, 33173. ($5.50 each, postpaid from Century Records, 1 S. 303 Ingersoll Lane, Villa Park, Illinois 60181, checks payable to University of Illinois Jazz Band.)	This band has made a habit of winning intercollegiate jazz festivals, and it has toured Europe for the State Department. Its impressive ensemble and unusually varied repertoire are a great credit to the leader. Most of the college bands concentrate on exhibitionistic flag-wavers à la Kenton, but here as well are straight-ahead arrangements in the Basie tradition by Ernie Wilkins, Phil Wilson, and	Frank Foster; an intriguing salute to Lunceford, written by George Duvivier; a tribute (somewhat patronizing) to the Ellington band of the Twenties, and Horace Silver's energetic "Sister Sadie." On the debit side are a weak rhythm section, understandably immature soloists, some pretentious originals, and a vocalist who needs to realize that brevity is the *soul* of wit. —STANLEY DANCE.

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"Joshua" Not So Fit

by HERBERT WEINSTOCK

Joshua was one of the four "victory oratorios" that Handel composed in 1746-48 in reaction to the gradual and then final defeat of Charles Edward Stuart's attempt to overthrow the Hanoverian dynasty in favor of his father. Like the other three—the *Occasional Oratorio*, *Judas Maccabaeus*, and *Alexander Balus*—it belongs among Handel's lesser accomplishments, but includes numbers in which his genius took over from his competence. Written to an appalling Bible-derived text on the conquest of Canaan by Thomas Morell, *Joshua* was given for the first time at Covent Garden, London, on March 9, 1748, when the title role was sung by the tenor Thomas Lowe, that of Caleb by the bass Thomas Reinhold, that of Othniel by the mezzo-soprano Caterina Galli, and that of Achsah by a soprano named Casarini. *Joshua*, which was performed about a dozen times during Handel's lifetime, has never been one of the most popular of his oratorios.

Now we have a stereophonic recording of Handel's *Joshua* by the Collegium Musicum of the University of Missouri (S-1004/6, $11.95) which continues the long tradition of semi-professional, semi-amateur performances of Handel's oratorios. A university music school reading, it satisfies most contemporary musicological demands, but because the performers are either teachers or students, it almost entirely lacks the exactness and sheen that Handel asked for and which professional singers, instrumentalists, and conductor would have brought to it. Also, having been recorded in Stephens College Chapel, it suffers from acoustics that are less than helpful. As the only *Joshua* now available, however, it is good to have. The recording comes with the complete printed text and a note that exaggerates the qualities of *Joshua* but is otherwise admirable. (One question: why pronounce "Ai" as though it rhymed with "high," though Morell rhymes it with "day"?)

Andrew M. Minor's conducting is slow, perhaps from excessive sympathy with his performers' problems, except in one of *Joshua*'s most familiar numbers when he rushes it inexplicably and unmercifully. Orchestral attack is too often inexact, as are both vocal and instrumental pitch. Earnestness and dedication, however desirable, cannot replace technique. In the solo roles, Mr. Minor has, in ascending order of technical and stylistic ability, Avenel Bailey (Othniel), Harry Morrison (a baritone in the bass role of Caleb), Thomas Mills (Joshua), and the excellent Merrily Culwell (Achsah).

Not even the best-equipped performers can make much to stir the listener out of Act I of *Joshua*, which offers little of Handel's finest except Joshua's "While Kedron's brook," indifferently sung here by Mr. Mills. Act II is to Act I as Everest to the Dead Sea. It contains, among other delights, the marvelous scene of the destruction of Jericho (including the stupendous chorus "Glory to God!"); Caleb's operatic air "See, the raging flames arise"; the fine Passover Scene; and—Handel at or near his greatest—the finale, which culminates in Joshua's command to the sun and moon to stand still ("Oh! thou bright orb") and the chorus "Behold! the list'ning sun the voice obeys." Fortunate for the listener is the strange fact that the better the material that Handel offers, the better these performers become.

Act III of *Joshua* as a whole is a palpable letdown, though it contains the weary Caleb's movingly resigned air "Shall I in Mamre's fertile plain," the chorus "See the conqu'ring Hero comes" (which Handel later transferred to *Judas Maccabaeus*), and Achsah's air "Oh! had I Jubal's lyre." Merrily Culwell sings this last superbly (she has a responsive voice and has had operatic experience), though Mr. Minor rushes it. *Joshua* ends on some of Handel's least rewarding journeyman's work. A minor oratorio with wonderful moments, then, in a minor recording that has its moments, too.

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Santa Fe Opera

Continued from page 42

ated at the Hamburg premiere earlier this year. The musical direction of Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, directing opera for the first time in this country, was sure-handed and energetic. Success or otherwise, nothing about the venture altered a fundamental esteem for Penderecki as a man of sound impulses and considerable resources. The basic questions is: Where can they be best applied and to what lasting advantage?

The happiest thing about Menotti's *Globolinks* (as it has now been professionally titled) is that it is not merely gay and charming and extraordinarily well performed by many of the same people who will introduce it to New York at the City Center come Christmastime, but that it shows the composer repossessed of the impulse and the artistry that went into his best work of the past. It has been a long pull for Menotti since his last real success; and that he has asserted again the special theatrical as well as musical instincts that won him fame is a tribute no more to endowment than to perseverance.

Globolinks is, indeed, a kind of secular *Amahl* (with which it will be paired in a City Center bill intended to be as perennial as poinsettia). In the earlier work, it is Amahl's faith in an unknown greater something than himself that impels him to join the Three Wise Men on their way to Bethlehem, lose his limp, and dispose of his crutch. In *Globolinks* it is Emily's conviction in the power of music to ward off evil that prolongs her life until aroused society marches on to rescue her.

There is nothing particularly new about this, as there is rarely anything new in a great truth: Orpheus and his lute served Gluck as Tamino and his flute did Mozart. What makes Menotti's effort distinctive and outstanding (and any time you are linked in a paragraph with Gluck and Mozart, you *have* to be outstanding) is the pertinence his tale bears to the world of the present and the musical crisis it confronts. Why else should the Globolinks, as he has dubbed his visitors from outer space, have the power to walk through walls, resist fire and poisonous sprays and bullets, but cringe at the sound of a musical instrument? That they are characterized by the squashy-squishy sound of a taped electronic sine generator or its equivalent is not merely a whimsy on Menotti's part, nor are the observations, from time to time, that in dire peril "Let music guide your way" (to a Straussian kind of Schubertian strain) or "This is what is wrong with the world —it has forgotten how to sing" (to a Menottian kind of Straussian strain).

Had Menotti written a grand cantata on this subject, relatively few would have been induced to listen to him—great as the music might have been. But in the theatrical form in which he has cast his allegory, he has utilized the theater as a forum in which thousands will participate, react to, and perhaps, without really knowing it, become more greatly aware of the power of music than they have ever been before. On the surface, the story is a kind of Wellesian (Orson, not H. G.) fantasy of little men from someplace out there landing and threatening to take over on earth. The fabulously fanciful tubular costumes in which they jiggle up and down and take mincing steps for Alwin Nikolais's choreography play considerable part in making the impossible no more than improbable. But under the surface, other elements are at work.

Menotti has personalized the dilemma by focusing on a little community of parents, teachers, and children. The last named are on a school bus when the invasion strikes, and the pocket radio one of them carries conveys the information that the only effective countermeasure is music. When Emily (memorably performed by the appealing Judith Blegen), armed with her magic violin, sets out on her rescue mission to bring help to the beleaguered bus, the action shifts back to the school for which they were headed. Here, Menotti's shafts take dead aim at a stuffy dean (John Reardon), who falls victim to the baleful attack and, in the very vision of the audience, turns into a Globolink, tubular costume and all in a beautiful piece of theater craft; at a self-important music teacher (Marguerite Willauer); at a strait-laced math teacher (Jean Kraft at her comedic best); at Richard Best as a nutty science instructor; and at a tuba-playing dean's assistant (Douglas Perry). Menotti asserts his old-time facility for not merely weaving a theatrical web, but spinning its threads into dimensions scarcely expectable.

Into this concoction (that Menotti's forebears might have called an extravaganza) has gone not merely a sometimes broad, sometimes subtle involvement of the adult listener with many musical allusions, but, even more productively, the singular kind of kinship Menotti has always had for the imma-

ture—whether Tom in *The Old Maid and the Thief*, Toby in *The Medium*, or Amahl himself. It could have been an entertainment for sophisticates without this element; but *Globolinks* stands secure with many memorable works of the past in involving response at many levels. It should be asserting that security for years to come.

The accomplishments of the individuals previously mentioned (together with those of a busload of gifted youngsters) are central to the effect of *Globolinks*, but the manner in which they have been formed into an entity merits high praise for Menotti's direction, Georg Schreiber's suitably eerie lighting, and Gustav Meier's creative conducting. While the rest of the country impatiently awaits its opportunity to participate, New Yorkers would be well advised to start worrying about tickets for the Menotti-Menotti bill right now. There aren't more than 120 shopping days left.

Considering all that had been seen and heard in the week, it is hardly surprising that the tour previously described did not really start in the theater, but on a hilltop high behind the property. When Crosby had driven as far as he could in his white vehicle, he swung around and motioned this passenger to join him in a short walk. He had made the ascent not merely to show off the view—which is spectacular enough, with cloud shadows mottling the verdant growths on dun-colored ranges that typify this locality—but to show off the prime possession of all. This is a water tank (capacity 75,000 gallons) to feed the theater's sprinkler system, should it be needed. "The system is fed by gravity flow from this tank," he said, "and nothing can prevent it from getting water if ever needed. Last time, we lost our electricity almost immediately from the heat. When we lost our electricity, we lost our water pumps; and when we lost our water pumps, we lost our theater."

Contemplating all that had been seen and heard at Santa Fe, the appropriate summation of the week was the verdict: "Mr. Crosby, you have built yourself one hell of a monument," to which he responded, "Well, if you get a second chance to do something, you should build it to last seventy-five years, anyway." It brought to mind the famous *Newsweek* interview in which, when asked by Emily Coleman if he had ever attended opera at Santa Fe, Rudolf Bing, general manager of the Metropolitan, queried, "Where is Santa Fe?" If Crosby's projection is accurate, and the interview is recalled in 2044, people might not be saying "Where is Santa Fe?" but "What was that name?"

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Letters to the Recordings Editor

Darden on Watts

I AM WRITING to express my enthusiasm over Norman Darden's story "My Man André" [*SR*, July 26]. *SR* should have more like it.

DAVID V. SOEIRO,
New York, N.Y.

Problem in Perspective

THE REMARKABLY healthy perspective that Mr. Darden's timely article on André Watts brings to the world of the serious black pianist is wholly refreshing. The article clearly demonstrates that there are black intellectuals (Norman Darden) and serious black musicians (André Watts) functioning within the technology of the white world. I send bravos to Mr. Darden for an excellently written article along with the hope that he will be heard from again soon. And, my wish that black people everywhere will take a second look at those who would burn us to the ground simply because their philosophies and emotions are stimulated by unstable and, indeed, neurotic influences.

DONALD A. CONFLENTI,
Iowa City, Ia.

Brotherhood

I GREATLY admire André Watts's talent, and I enjoyed the article about him. But, I'm confused. Is Mr. Darden a Negro or a Hungarian "brother"?—not that either *should* be relevant to the article.

MRS. OWEN RYAN,
Atlanta, Ga.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Brotherhood of man.*

New and Fresh Talent

IT'S ABOUT TIME someone wrote a good article like Mr. Darden's on André Watts. I'm glad he brought out the many foolish reviews he gets. He is a sensitive man with a new and fresh talent, and it may take a little time for the public to appreciate him.

MICHAEL TINKEL,
Westbury, N.Y.

Examples from History

THE FIRST what I will say: Excuse my bad English. The essential: The fine article of honorable Mister Norman Darden. At last the broad ring of readers (not only musicians) will know something about very talented, perhaps a great artist, André Watts. It is important to remember that crossing (crossbreeding) often gives unexpected, excellent, sometimes genial offspring. For instance, Alexander Pushkin (his great-grandfather was a Negro) or Alexandre Dumas (his grandmother was a Negro). And I suppose it is possible to find in history many examples of this kind.

PROFESSOR NIC NIEDZWIEDZKI,
Washington, D.C.

Give Peace a Chance

RE: Ellen Sander's article "John and Yoko Ono Lennon: Give Peace a Chance" [*SR*, June 28]. Bravo!

SALLY N. DEAN,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Common Sense, and Peace

JOHN AND YOKO Lennon's dedication to the cause of peace is an admirable one, but even the most noble of crusades needs to be conducted with a little common sense. The liberals, the students, and the hippies don't need to be sold on peace. They are already in favor of it. The people to be converted are the other 75 per cent of the population—the conventional, the traditional, the timid.

Do the Lennons really believe that they can sell peace to the squares of this or any other country in a tie-in package with drugs, "bed-ins," and eccentric appearance? Their motives may be beautiful, but their salesmanship is appalling!

MRS. GRETCHEN BLISS,
Mt. Carmel, Conn.

Thanks to Sander

THANK YOU, Ellen Sander, from the bottom of my heart for the articles I've read in *SR* recently. Being a Beatle-ite for six years now, I'm glad that somebody has finally written a fair, impartial look at John and Yoko's peace efforts. Until you started your articles of, about, and on pop music I rarely read anything in the magazine. May your tenure there be long and exceedingly fruitful for you and your readers.

JAMES P. DIXON,
Blytheville, Ark.

Honest and Beautiful

THANK YOU for printing Ellen Sander's story on John and Yoko Ono Lennon. It is an honest and beautiful statement about people who do care about life and peace, which means they probably won't get the chance to come here. How sad, since we are the losers.

PEARL GREENBERG,
New York, N.Y.

B,S&T and Underpinnings

BURT KORALL'S remarks in "Can Jazz-Rock Find Happiness Together?" [*SR*, July 12] on the admirable puberty of B,S&T and the delicate jazzy-rock fusion are well made and received, but a bit lacking in underpinnings. The constant listener in the jazzy-rock-blues bag of the late Sixties can point to some formidable beginnings by the Butterfield-Bloomfield axis, and by reverse extension to the black bluesmen of Chicago, to which B,S&T owes some filial homage.

While Paul Butterfield's group began in very hard blues and has since gone to very hard Butterfield, it passed through a stage of heavy jazz influence both with Bloomfield ("East-West") and without him ("In My Own Dream"), which is—unhappily—heard less in current sessions. Bloomfield's short-lived Electric Flag was billed as an American Music Band, with even greater claim of, but less success with, jazz blood; Flag has since been sent into Bloomfield & Friends and assorted tatter groups. Art for the sake of money?

Hopefully, B,S&T will be able to mature in its current direction and not become retarded in the form of a vehicle for Clayton-Thomas.

SIDNEY F. GAGE, JR.,
San Francisco, Calif.

Missing Column

I MISSED Walter Terry's column in the July 19 issue. I hope you are not planning to drop it or phase it out. No other magazine publishes as informative or authoritative articles on the dance.

MRS. BARBARA WHALLEY,
Morin Heights, Quebec, Can.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Even dance takes a holiday now and then.*

Dancing Numbers

REGARDING Walter Terry's review of *Dances at a Gathering* [WORLD OF DANCE, July 26], I'm not prepared to say which special version *he* saw with "a cast of eight." The six times I've seen the ballet, there was always a cast of ten—Villella, Prinz, Blum, Maiorano, and Clifford (or Weiss); then Kent, McBride, Verdy, Leland, and Mazzo.

MRS. LILLIE ROSEN,
New York, N.Y.

Due Credit

SO DELIGHTED was I by Irving Kolodin's conversation with Bud Freeman on the subject of Hoagy Carmichael ["Hoagy," *SR*, June 28] that it came as a real shock to find I.K. in the very same issue (MISCELLANEOUS LPS) according Larry Adler all the credit for the expanded repertory harmonica players today enjoy. Without being odious, I should like to invite I.K. to compare the contribution in this field made by John Sebastian, who has already recorded concertos that he commissioned of Tcherepnin and Villa-Lobos, with every hope of doing likewise soon for those composed for him by Cowell and Mayuzumi and Dello Joio and Hovhaness.

JOHN LUCAS,
Winona, Minn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The credit for Adler was directed to his role of pioneer. Sebastian came a bit later.*

Orff's Appeal

IN HIS REVIEW of the Orff-Schulwerk recordings [" 'Orff-Schulwerk'—A Joyous Note," *SR*, July 26], George Louis Mayer states that the "greatest strength (of Orff's system) would seem to lie in those exercises and pieces created for use with the very young." Indeed, after using the Orff method for more than a year in the

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Oak Ridge, Tennessee, public schools, I am convinced that those early pieces and exercises provoke unlimited enthusiasm from all children. Since my music classes included students from England, Germany, Japan, France, Pakistan, and Israel, I might add that Orff has universal appeal to children.

In cooperation with the Special Education Services, I used some of the melodic and rhythmic exercises and the Orff xylophones (with removable keys) in a class of educatable mentally retarded youngsters, and the results were a salute to Orff's years of work in the field of children's music. At last, here was something with which everyone could feel a sense of achievement.

PEGGY FLANAGAN BAIRD,
Sandia Base, N.H.

Festival at Memphis

STANLEY DANCE's précis of the New Orleans Jazzfest ["New Orleans, Jazz Capital?" *SR*, July 12] was a gratifying evocation of civic hospitality, intelligent organization, thoughtful and thorough planning, and, of course, idyllic musical results.

Move, oh move, you nearly unbelievable "angels," a few miles upriver and work your magic on the sorely neglected Memphis Blues Festival, a unique annual celebration that has survived four years of indifference and frustration.

Bill Barth, Bob Palmer, and other members of the Memphis Country Blues Society stage and record the Festival as a showcase for Delta bluesmen. The admittedly quixotic ambition is to stimulate the flow of money and exposure to certain aging black artists who can claim every pop trend of the last fifteen years as a bastard, albeit sickly and imitative. It would, perhaps, be best characterized for prospective major investors and promoters as "a struggling property with unlimited potential for growth on a high-risk basis."

Risky, but very, very high.

MICHAEL SULLIVAN,
Jeffersontown, Ky.

Thackeray to Rinehart to Terry

WALTER TERRY in WORLD OF DANCE [*SR*, June 28] states that he is "tempted to use that marvelous phrase to be found in Mary Roberts Rinehart mysteries, 'I draw a veil over what followed.'" At least one earlier writer, William Makepeace Thackeray, used a similar phrase. The last paragraph of Chapter VI in *Vanity Fair* begins with the following sentence: "Finally came the parting with Miss Amelia, over which picture I intend to throw a veil." We do not often think of a connection between Miss Rinehart and the early Victorians.

CHARLES MCCOWN,
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Thanks for the association.*

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(Continued from page 55)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1847

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

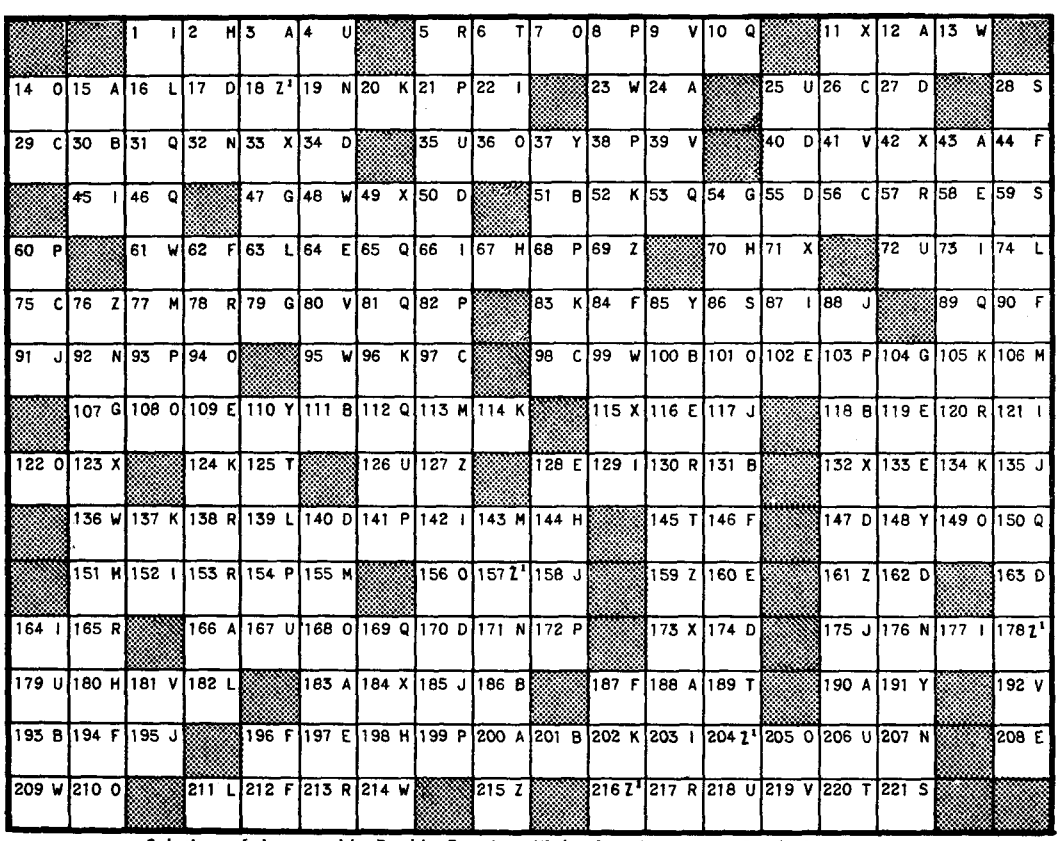
By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Modification for a new use.	3 15 43 166 183 188 190 200 12 24
B. Defensive back (2 wds.)	30 51 100 111 118 131 186 193 201
C. Excited; vehement; angry.	26 29 56 75 97 98
D. Politically liberal (3 wds.)	140 147 162 163 170 174 17 27 34 40 50 55
E. Irritates; embitters.	58 197 208 64 102 116 109 119 128 133 160
F. Inlet of the Pacific between China and Korea (2 wds.)	44 62 84 90 146 187 194 196 212
G. Muffles.	47 54 79 104 107
H. Old Testament prophet.	151 67 70 144 180 198 2
I. "The light that loses, the ————;" (3 wds.; Swinburne, "Atalanta in Calydon")	22 45 121 129 142 152 164 177 203 1 66 73 87
J. Chirps, pipes; lures by music.	88 91 117 135 158 175 185 195
K. After *The:* Aristophanes' attack on the Peloponnesian war.	202 52 96 124 134 137 20 83 105 114
L. Insert placed in a seam to give ease or expansibility.	182 16 63 74 139 211
M. Give me the liberty to know, to ————, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties. (Milton, "Areopagitica")	77 106 113 143 155

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Disturbs with petty requests; provokes; annoys.	19 32 92 171 176 207
O. Structure or plan subject to imminent collapse (3 wds.)	122 205 108 7 14 36 101 149 156 168 210 94
P. Charitable.	154 38 68 172 199 21 8 60 82 141 103 93
Q. Ill-natured person.	53 65 81 10 46 169 89 31 112 150
R. In a tough spot (3 wds.)	120 5 57 153 130 78 138 217 165 213
S. American theater owner and movie producer.	59 86 221 28
T. Guiseppe's bride in Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers."	145 220 125 189 6
U. Inadvertent; oblivious.	167 179 35 72 4 25 126 206 218
V. Conned (2 wds.)	219 41 192 9 39 80 181
W. Scholarship.	214 13 136 61 23 95 99 48 209
X. Elicits (2 wds.)	42 33 115 132 71 11 173 49 123 184
Y. Greater in dignity, rank, importance, or interest.	85 148 110 191 37
Z. Anxious; frightened.	159 127 76 215 161 69
Z¹. Lowest point.	157 18 216 204 178

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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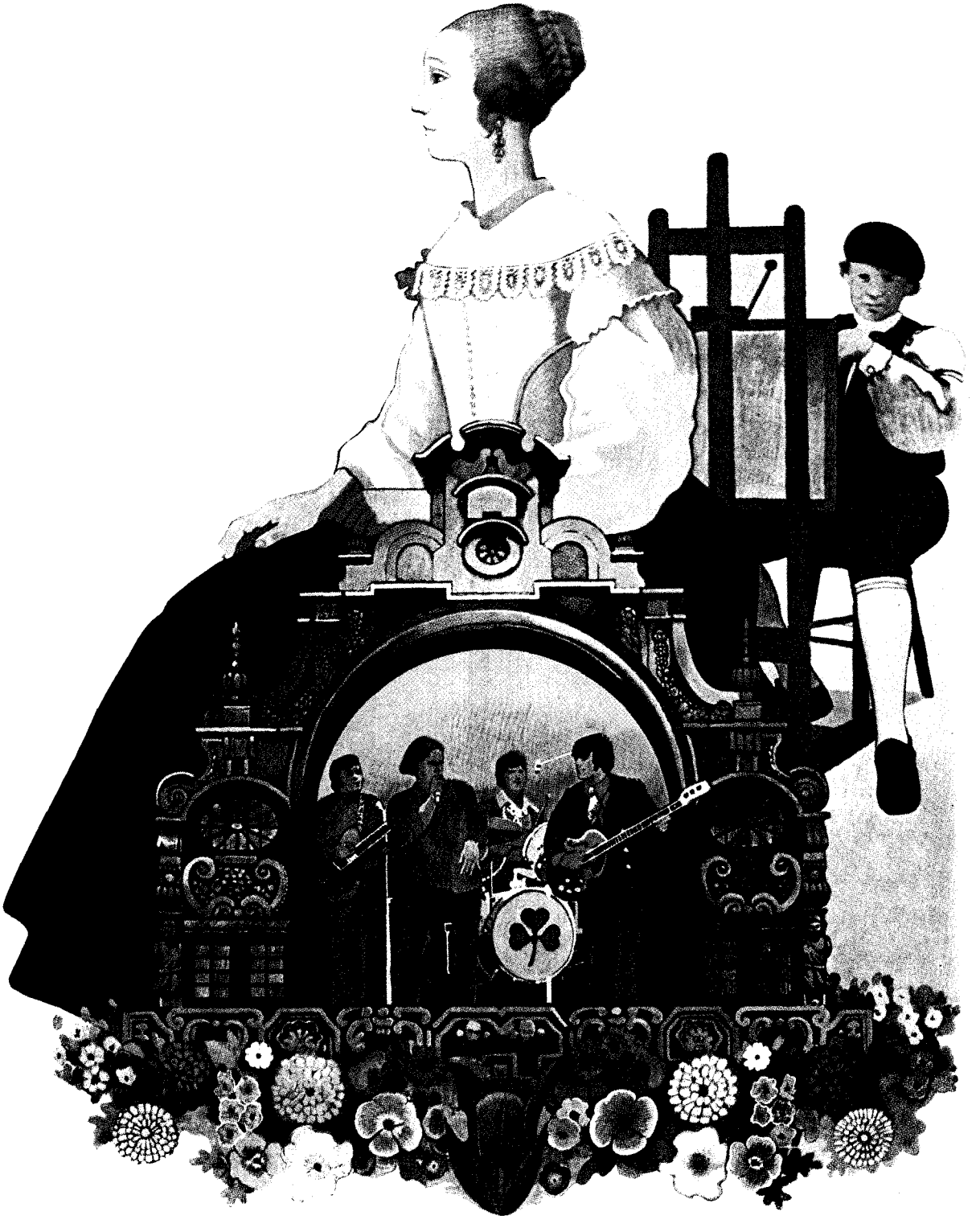

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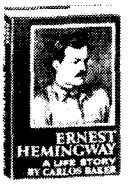

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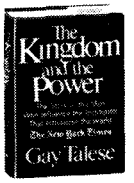

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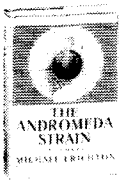

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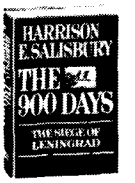

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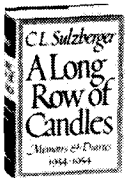

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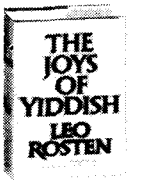

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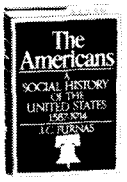

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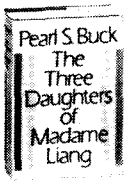

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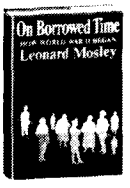

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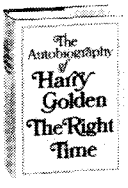

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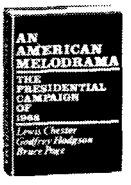

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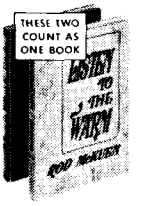

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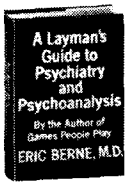

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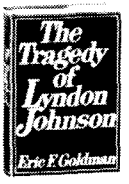

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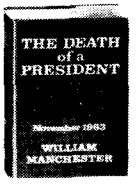

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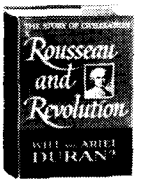

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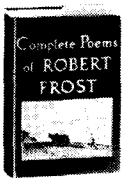

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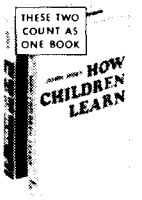

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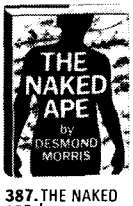

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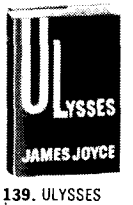

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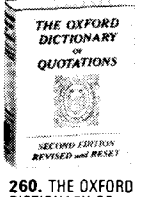

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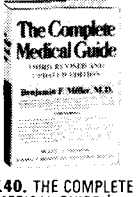

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